Vol. CXXIX. No. 1675.]

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[THE BYSTANDER, JANUARY 22, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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The Bystander, January 22, 1936

No. 1675. Vol. CXXIX.

The BYSTANDER

Tunbridge

Elissa Landi

The lovely Elissa Landi is starring in two big films in London this week. "The Amateur Gentleman" is one (at the London Pavilion), made by Douglas Fairbanks Junior's new film company, Criterion Films, and with him as hero. The other is "Koenigsmark," at the Tivoli, in which Pierre Fresnay, Frank Vosper, and John Lodge also appear. It's an adaptation of Pierre Benoit's novel, made in Paris, and directed by Maurice Tourneur. Elissa Landi came from Hollywood to appear in it, then came to England for "The Amateur Gentleman," and is now in New York, appearing in a stage play, "Tapestry in Grey"

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 4.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon

His Grace of Richmond and Gordon is quite the most Gallic-looking of all our dukes. Which is as it should be, with his supernumerary title of Duc d'Aubigny. Suitably enough, too, in view of his motor-car interests, Aubigny is only a few kilometres from Le Mans. Dark, side-whiskered, hook-nosed, and slim, he weighs only nine stone, and so coxed in the Trial Eights at Oxford, where he adorned the House and played in several small bands. Indeed, his proficiency on the banjo and mouth-organ is quite un-ducal, while his latest passion is a steam piano. Not that he ever ceased to be extremely serious about business. After reading Agriculture at Oxford, he went straight to Bentleys, working in the shops at ninepence an hour, in Oxgate Lane. After promotion to the Service Staff he left to join another firm, but soon returned—this time to the Sales Department. Three years later he founded his own business with Kevill-Davies, in an office in Bruton Street—simultaneously with the slump.

To-day his firm, now established in Berkeley Street, shows a nice profit. It was in 1927 that he married Miss Elizabeth Hudson, who has since presented him with two boys. It was in the spring of 1935 that he succeeded his father, and was thus confronted with the double prospect of running Goodwood and paying off the death duties. Practically every week-end, therefore, sees him at Goodwood, to which he flies now that the thirty-mile limit slows things up so much. Goodwood, indeed, and the preservation of its eighteen thousand acres, has become the uppermost thought in his mind.

This, however, does not prevent him from being at his office at ten a.m. throughout the week. Nor does he leave before six, his house in London being in Norfolk Crescent. 1931 was his great year for motor racing. With his team of M.G.'s, he won the T.T. and the Irish Grand Prix; while with Chris Staniland he won the Double 12, having in the previous year won the five-hundred-mile race at Brooklands.

Among his characteristics are a preference for white wines over red wines; a curious nervous laugh which sounds like m.p.h.; a fondness for saying "Well, now"; a habit of interlacing his fingers when talking; and an odd way of walking noticeably on the balls of his big toes. He is a good shot—particularly after lunch, very punctual, fond of periwinkles and roulette, but no card-player. He has sold his race-horse, Grey Carey, but owns an unnamed two-year-old, and has a hobby of designing small-scale models, which he has developed into a company.

In addition, he is a good mimic, an excellent letter-writer, a member of the Bath Club, and a Royal Scottish Archer, though he cannot pull a bow with any degree of accuracy. His chief superstitions are a dislike of the number 13 and of looking at the new moon through glass.

CHARLES GAY

Lady Marguerite Strickland and Mr. Philip Kindersley

The Duchess of Gloucester danced with Lord Queensberry

Below: Miss Vivian Parker represented the Merry Widow in the Famous Beauties parade

The Famous Beauties Ball

A Charity Dance on the Grand Scale in Aid of the Children's Hospital, Plaistow

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER went to the Famous Beauties Ball last Thursday, but the Duke couldn't be there, because of his sore throat. The Duchess dined first with Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, whose dinner-party was given at the Queensberrys' Cheyne Walk house. The event of the evening at the Dorchester was the parade of Famous Beauties which Lady Carlisle had arranged. The dance was in aid of the Invalid and Crippled Children's Hospital at Plaistow

Miss Irene Mann-Thompson appeared as Garbo, long bobbed hair, eyelashes, storm-coat and all

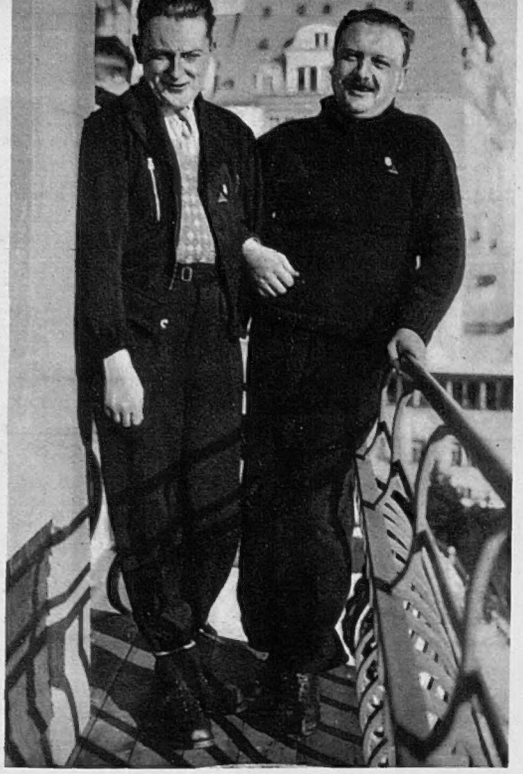
Lady Winifred Cecil, the Duchess of Gloucester's Lady-in-Waiting, is talking to Major Ronald Stanyforth, Comptroller to the Duke of Gloucester

Left: Mrs. I. M. Sieff, who was Queen Esther in the Beauties parade, is with Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, chairman of the Ball, and hostess to the Duchess of Gloucester for the evening

Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg and Mrs. Guy Carleton-Paget

Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates

The Everard Gates counted among the new arrivals in Switzerland who brought the sun with them. The dog is an old inhabitant, and was borrowed for the photograph



"Ted" and "Sam"

Lord Doverdale and Lord Hindlip also had fairly recently arrived, the former with his good-looking wife, and both were in the best Swiss form

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Foster

The weather had lapsed a bit when the Dennis Fosters were photographed. He is on the Stock Exchange and she was Wanda Tarbatt before she married, and an international skier

Swiss Snow

New Arrivals and Old

In the Sun That's Returne

Below: Lady Doverdale sat out in t up and looking sleepy-ish. She and h sports regulars for several season and with the fine weather, sunshine havi

Mrs. Roland Robinson

Has arrived in Switzerland from California by way of a change. Her husband is M.P. for the Widnes Division of Lancashire, and she was Maysie Gasque and is a Woolworth heiress

Overheard in the Oberland (1)

"I t'ink Madame will waltz soon, no?"

Claire, Lady Manton and Her Sons

Lady Manton, whose eldest son is the present peer, has been in Switzerland, and so have her second and fourth sons, the Hon. Robert Watson and the Hon. Mark Watson, who is in the Diplomatic

Mme. Jean Larivière

Wears a dark grey ski-suit, and always looks most attractive. Her husband is First Secretary at the Argentine Embassy in Paris

Below : Mrs. Wrenn Dupont has started a new Swiss skiing fashion with her short gabardine kilt, worn with white stockings and a white tweed Tyrolean coat with coloured facings. She and Leonard Govett are being married at the end of this month

Mrs. Wrenn Dupont

News

Inhabitants to Work at Last

before-lunch sun with her feet husband, who have been winter- arrived recently in Switzerland, been unknown for some time

Mme. de Valdes

Is another of the Corps Diplomatique beauties who are holidaying in Switzerland. She is Russian and a great sportswoman ; her husband is First Secretary at the Spanish Embassy in London

Overheard in the Oberland (2)

" Oh, Mr. Pinchin, why do I ski ? "

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

A Ball at Bagshott Park

Lady Alma Le Poer Trench, Mary, Lady Clancarty's debutante daughter, and Mr. Gerald Jenkins were at a ball in aid of the Royal Albert Orphanage at Bagshott Park, which the Duke of Connaught lent. It was the first dance to be held there for at least twenty-one years

At the Craven Hunt Ball

Mr. Patrick Donner, M.P. for Basingstoke, and Miss Ruth Aird were at the Craven Hunt Ball at Newbury. Miss Ruth Aird's mother, Mrs. Malcolm Aird, lives at Tile Barn, Newbury

Swaebe

They Celebrated the Russian New Year

Thelma Lady Furness, Miss Mala Brand and Lady Inchcape were all in the same party at the Hungaria last week on the Russian New Year's Eve, which was celebrated there with the appropriate food, drinks and music

Living Up to a Bar

A HOUSE in which one room is permanently arranged as a black-and-scarlet cocktail-bar must take a lot of living up to; but it was ideal for the party that Miss Valerie Taylor and her husband, Mr. Hugh Sinclair, gave the other evening after she had appeared as the vamping actress in *Call It a Day*. Mrs. Sinclair has a friendly chef who, not content with presiding over his own candle-lit buffet, halfway up the stairs, went round pressing everyone to eat more of his excellent concoctions.

We were delighted to see Mrs. Leslie Henson, certainly one of the most amusing people in London, and whose conversation complete strangers listen-in to quite unabashed. But, for once, she made us shudder instead of laugh, by telling us a true Grand Guignol story of five servants left alone for a week-end in a large house in Knightsbridge. They all squeezed into a small electric lift to go up to bed on Friday night; the lift and the light in it failed between two floors, and they were only discovered there on Tuesday morning; two of them unconscious, and the other three just alive, after an ordeal that we hate even to think of.

Miss Margaret Kennedy, of *Constant Nymph* fame, and Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares were also at the Sinclairs' party, where we met Mr. Leigh Ashton, who knows as much about the Chinese Exhibition as anyone in London, and is giving a lecture on it at Londonderry House on the 29th.

Dizzy with Dynasties

WE longed to tell Mr. Ashton the story of the American girl who was utterly defeated by those hard-to-pronounce Dynasties when "doing" the Exhibition, and, searching wearily in the catalogue for the pair of K'ang-hsi period parrots lent by Lady Ward, finally remarked, in an exhausted voice: "Well, I guess they can't be earlier than Mah-Jong, anyway."

A Club with No Subscription

IN the friendly "club" atmosphere that belongs to the Apéritif Grill, Mme. de Gripenberg, the popular English wife of the Finnish Minister, was dining in the corner next the oyster counter, and had twin diamond clips clamped to the edge of a gay little blue hat; Miss Lea Seidl, of *White Horse Inn* fame, sitting in the window, was for once without her party-going dachshund; whilst others we noticed were Lord and Lady Weymouth—she with white flowers starred in her hair; Mr. George Mostyn, one of the very few people we know who are always on top of their form; Lord Dufferin, who was dining with his brother-in-law, Mr. Anthony Hornby, before the Coward plays; and Prince Sevelod of Russia.

Moral for Motorists

THE dangers of giving lifts to strange people on country roads have so often been harped upon, that we feel the moral of this story must not go unsung. We heard it from the striking-looking Mrs. Morogh Bernard, who is a sister of Lord Melville, and lives with her husband, her daughter Maria, and her dachshund Josephine in a delightful Regency house on the banks of a Maida Vale canal on which she watches the barges gliding by.

Two young men who were motoring down from Scotland in a great hurry, were held up on the way by a seedy-looking individual, who told the usual down-and-out story and demanded a lift in the back of the car, which, rather reluctantly, they agreed to give him. Some hours later they were stopped by the police for driving dangerously in a crowded market town. They all had to get out, and after endless particulars had been carefully taken down, were allowed to go on. The rest of the journey to London the driver and his friend spent discussing their bad luck and wondering how heavy the fine would be. When they arrived, in a very depressed state of mind, the stranger at the back asked to be dropped at Piccadilly Circus, where, before disappearing into the tube, he made this

Going Abroad

The Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Abingdon made a good-bye picture at Waterloo Station before they left by the Empress of Australia boat train for New York by way of Madeira. The Duke of Sutherland went too, but he was only going as far as Madeira

The Leveson-Gower Christening

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower's daughter was christened Lucinda Gaye at St. Michael's, Chester Square, last week. Mrs. Leveson-Gower is the daughter of Sir John and Lady Mullens, and was Princess Imeritinsky before she married Hugh Leveson-Gower in 1934

Hay Wrightson

Miss Barbara Franklyn

Barbara Elisabeth Franklyn is engaged to Viscount Garmyle, Earl and Countess Cairns' younger son. She is the younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arden Franklyn, of New Place, Shedfield, Hants, and 33, Bryanston Square. Her fiancé, who is twenty-nine, is in the Rifle Brigade

staggering remark: "Don't worry, Guv'nor; you 'll never 'ear no more from the police, because, when the copper had finished writing it all down, I pinched his book—here it is, see? I bin at the game for years. Thanks for the lift and I didn't touch nothink of yours nor your pal's. So long, Guv'nor."

Hats and Caps

No mere pen could possibly describe some of the hats that clung to the heads of the women we saw lunching at the Ritz one day last week, and it is a shattering thought that somewhere, shut up in sound-proof rooms, designers are working out more of those little numbers which we shall accept without a murmur.

Nothing could dim beauty so radiant as Lady Moira Combe's—not even a brown felt skull-cap, on one side of which a miniature sailor hat appeared to have just alighted at a rakish angle. At the same table we saw Mademoiselle Andrée le Lasseur, crowned by a military shako, complete with tassel. She came over from Paris specially to go to two or three hunt balls, and we were hardly surprised to hear she had to buy new evening shoes for each dress the moment she got to London, the others having been jumped on by her heartier partners to the stirring—but, to her, novel—strains of "John Peel."

By the door Thelma Lady Furness was almost hidden under a tipped-forward black hat; Mrs. Simon Marks had coq feathers wound round her head; Lady Chamberlain and her daughter, Mrs. Terence Maxwell, wore small toques, and only Mrs. Julie Thompson remained faithful to a large brim; in this case a green felt with a Tyrolean cord twisted round the top of the crown.

Chatter or Cabaret

STIMULATED to an unusually argumentative pitch by the second batch of Noel Coward plays last week, we refused to be silenced by any cabaret and went on to the San Marco, where one *can* hear oneself speak, and dance either to an American band or to the Krakajax. Another who shared our idea was Lady Patricia Latham, in a black taffetas picture-dress, with fan-shaped diamond clips in her hair. She was with her mother, Kathleen Lady Drogheda, and the party had a literary touch lent to it by Mr. Shane Leslie and Sir Denison Ross, who knows more about dead Oriental languages than anyone alive.

Giving a large party that night were Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Wills, who came up from Sherfield Court, their charming house near Basingstoke, which has a real island and a moat. Mr. Wills writes detective thrillers that more than once have made us face a sleepless dawn,

Scottish Engaged Couple

The Hon. David Balfour and Miss Araminta Peel are engaged. He is Lord and Lady Kinross's younger son, and she is the second daughter of Lt.-Col. Willoughby Peel and Mrs. Peel, of Eaglescarnie, Haddington

Madeira Sun

Lord and Lady Ebury are taking their dose of winter sun (London equivalent—snow, slush, rain, frost and gales) at Madeira, and were photographed on the terrace at Reid's Hotel

GOING-OUT TO GOINGS-ON

(Continued)

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Left: Maurice Chevalier made a lunch-time sketch at Quaglino's on an off-day from the studio. He is over here for the film that's being made of Locke's "The Beloved Vagabond"

Right: Lady Warrender appeared as La Dame aux Camellias in the Famous Beauties Ball last week; she's also chairman of the ball in aid of the Farningham Home for Boys, which happened last night

Maurice Chevalier

Valerie, Lady Brougham and Vaux

Was sketched at the Savoy, wearing a white chiffon pleated dress with a gold belt, and with her hair parted demurely in the middle

Lady Warrender

and several of his books are now being translated into French. His eldest daughter, Hyacinth, was in the party with her fiancé, and told us that her wedding is fixed for St. Valentine's Day, when an army of tenants and retainers are being transported to London to wish her well.

Basking in the Sun

CHOKED by fog or almost drowned by deluges every other day, we read with rather tight-lipped enthusiasm letters from Monte Carlo full of casual allusions to sitting out of doors and to basking on sun-drenched terraces. Yet, only two hours away in the Maritime Alps, ski-ing is in full swing, the downhill race for the Riviera Championships having sixty-three runners—all distinctly aggravating when we're wondering how long our only umbrella will stand up to the strain.

Lord Zetland and Sir John and Lady Simon were amongst those at the first showing of the French version of the *Scarlet Pimpernel*, when Baroness Orczy was given a large bouquet of red roses and had a party in a box. The Franklin Singers, who have just opened their villa, "Casa Mia," mean to stay in Monte Carlo for some time, and have sent for their palatial yacht, Xarifa, in which they have cruised right round the world. Lady de Frece, looking amazingly young and slim, was at the luncheon Sir George and Lady Bettesworth Piggott gave at the Café de Paris, and on another day she was at Mrs. Vigo Hansen's party.

The Sporting Club is packed every night, and we hear that a slightly strained expression was observed on the faces of several croupiers when it was suggested that the baccara rooms should be kept open until breakfast!

A Winged Head-dress

WE liked the new line in head-dresses which Miss Betty Seymour Hicks donned for her birthday-party at the Savoy last week, but are still wondering how she managed to keep the flight of golden Mercury wings safely attached to each side of her head. Wearing the large single-stone diamond ring her mother gave her and the three-row pearl and diamond bracelet from her father, she went on to help him give away the prizes at the Chelsea Town Hall, which Sir Seymour did in the inimitable Hicks manner, not forgetting a quip about Chelsea buns. We were glad to hear that his wife is now quite well again, for we have been Ellaline Terriss fans since our very first theatre, and she is one of those glamorous people whom the years seem to pass by, leaving them lovelier than ever.

Was it Whalebone?

As she danced with her husband at the Embassy on Thursday night we noticed that the Duchess of Kent wore her wedding ring on her right hand, leaving the left one bare. She had on a classically sculptured black velvet dress with two diamond and sapphire clips, and in her beautifully curled hair was a narrow velvet ribbon with a small bow on each side. The Duke and Duchess sat at a table near the door and were joined by Lady Portarlington, gay and animated in coral crêpe, and her husband.

Captain "Babe" Barnato was there in a large party with his attractive wife, who wore a massed diamond necklace with her mermaidish dress of pearly sequins. We liked the short black jacket with pink and green sugar-stick stripes worn by Princess Alphonse de Chimay, and Miss Edythe Baker's plaited shoulder straps of printed chiffon were a new note. Others we saw were Captain Arthur Evans, Mr. Freddie Lonsdale and Lady Warwick, whose pink satin dress was without visible means of support, and left us wondering was it whalebone or elastic that held it up?

Beauties—Famous and Otherwise

BY keeping a Cinderella-ish eye on the time, we arrived at the Dorchester as midnight struck and the procession of Famous Beauties was announced by clever Martita Hunt, in white satin with a vivid red velvet scarf. The steps from the stage once safely achieved, each performer made a bee-line for the flashing beacon provided by the Duchess of Gloucester's diamond bandeau, curtsied to her and then faded away as quickly as possible.

We thought there were more real beauties looking on, among them being Mrs. Mary Booker, whose soft grey curls framing a lovely face and that enchanting smile would easily have made her the top. Two real lovelies were Mrs. Gray Horton, a fragile and exquisite Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and Miss Pamela Mitford, with her hair powdered, as the daughter of Louis XV.

Mr. Noel Coward and Miss Gertrude Lawrence drew those lucky numbers that are always unlucky for us; Lord Queensberry danced with the Duchess of Gloucester, whilst his wife waltzed with the Austrian Minister, and Mrs. Frank Braham, the organiser, once more brought off a success for another good cause.

MISS PEEPS

OWING to a typographical error, Mr. John Lycett Wills' name was spelt "Mills" under a photograph of him and the Hon. Jean Elphinstone in last week's issue.

Music and All That . . .

They Listened to the Menuhins Playing

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry and Lady Howard de Walden went to the Queen's Hall to hear Yehudi and Hepzibah Menuhin's sonata recital last week. The hall was packed—in fact, every seat had been sold for six weeks, and enthusiasm and encores added half an hour to one of the loveliest concerts of this winter

Brother, Sister and Teacher

Violinist Yehudi Menuhin, his pianist-sister, Hepzibah, and her master, Marcel Ciampi, were photographed during the interval of the Menuhins' Queen's Hall concert. It was Yehudi Menuhin's last public appearance before his two years' retirement. He and his sister and family all waited two extra days in London to go to Ciampi's piano recital at the Grotrian Hall on Thursday; after that they left for Paris

Artist and Sculptor at a Ballet First Night

Right: Dame Laura Knight and Jacob Epstein went to the first performance of "David," the Keith Lester ballet, with Anton Dolin in the name-part, at the Duke of York's. Epstein's very fine drop-curtain for the ballet aroused enormous interest; it is the first work he has done for the theatre

Photographs by Swaebe

Austrian Ski-ing : A St. Anton Survey

Sad Moment of Leaving

Sir Assheton Pownall and his Titian-haired daughter, Marjorie, were all ready for the Arlberg Express home. They go ski-ing every year; Sir Assheton has only missed the war winters since 1905. He is M.P. for Lewisham East

Below: the Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton has gone to Austria this year, and works very hard in one of the advanced classes at St. Anton, where everyone goes to "ski-schule"

North Berwick Decoration

Miss Jean Anderson wears a white coat, looks attractive, and skis enthusiastically. She goes about with the "Deuchar set" at North Berwick, and also decorates Mayfair for its share of the year

Ready for School

Temporary Spectator

The Hon. Aline Partington, Lord Doverdale's sister, stopped off at St. Anton between Warsaw and Paris. She wears a neat ski suit, but only for comfort as she doesn't ski or skate

The Trainer and the Captain

Right: Mr. Bill Bracken has been training the British women's ski team for the Olympic Games; Miss Jeannette Kessler is their captain. He was watching for faults in style and she was taking the times during a practice race on a St. Anton run

d'Artagnan and Constance

Walter Abel and Heather Angel

Walter Abel takes the part of d'Artagnan, the fourth Musketeer, and Heather Angel is Constance in the new film version of "The Three Musketeers." First published in 1844, Dumas' famous romance has held its own for glamour against any successor, and has been the subject for plays, operettas, and now, films. Radio's new picture at the Plaza is a big attempt to capture the glamorous tradition of the Musketeers. Margot Grahame plays Milady de Winter, and Rosamond Pinchot is Anne of France. Besides this, there is full complement of duels, chases, clashes with Richelieu's guards; the film is directed by Rowland Lee, who helped to adapt it

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

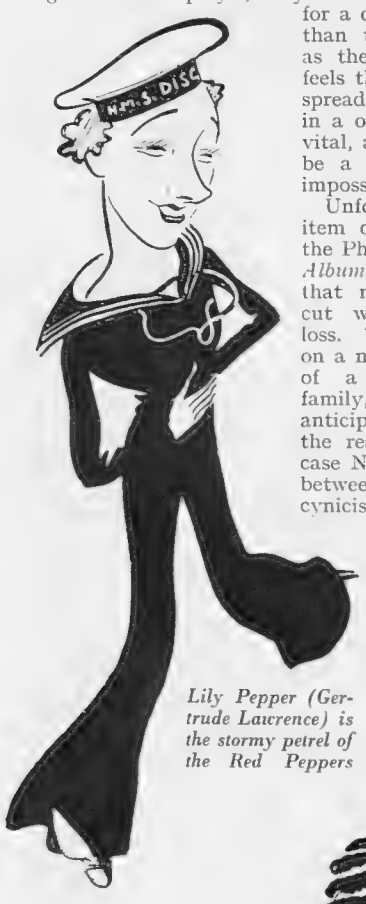
A Coward Composium

"To-night at 8.30" (Phoenix Theatre)

IF crowded houses and enthusiastic audiences mean anything, Noel Coward is enjoying the reward of valour in bringing back to theatrical life the triple bill, a form of entertainment made popular years ago by J. L. Toole, who advertised his show as "Toole in Three Pieces." Years after this, there was the success at the Court Theatre with *A Pantomime Rehearsal* as the pièce de résistance; but since then, triple bills have been few and far between.

It really is a considerable achievement to write good one-act plays; they are infinitely more difficult for a dramatist to deal with than the usual three acts, as the first thing a writer feels the need of is space to spread himself. Every line in a one-act play should be vital, and "cutting" should be a very difficult, if not impossible, matter.

Unfortunately, the first item on the programme at the Phœnix Theatre, *Family Album*, gives the impression that much of it could be cut without any grievous loss. The curtain goes up on a most promising picture of a bereaved Victorian family, but soon pleasant anticipation is replaced by the realisation that in this case Noel Coward has fallen between the two stools of cynicism and humour. The former is cheap, and the latter not always as funny as it might be—the death of a father does not present itself to everyone as a screaming joke. The setting and acting are both beyond reproach.



Lily Pepper (Gertrude Lawrence) is the stormy petrel of the Red Peppers

IN *The Astonished Heart*, we are given a very modern version of the eternal triangle problem. The doings of the Faber family during a year are adroitly depicted in six scenes, which are a queer, but clever, mixture of the way people behave in real life, and the way they behave in a typical Noel Coward play. Chris Faber (played by the author) is a psychiatrist who seems to be a most unlikely man to fall into an illicit love-affair, but it is a skilful touch that shows his analytical interest in his own condition, and his inability to refrain from digging up and torturing himself with the past of his mistress, Leonora (Gertrude Lawrence). His wife, Barbara (Alison Leggatt), has hoped to cure him of his folly by giving him his head, but when the inevitably tragic end comes, it seems highly improbable that she would remain in her drawing-room while she allows her rival to be in the next room with her dying husband; such detachment is unnatural, and quite horrible.

THE last of the three plays, *Red Peppers*, is startlingly different. This is the most delightful, rollicking sketch, showing third-rate musical "artistes" on a provincial tour. We see them doing their turn on the stage; we see them in the intimacy of their sordid dressing-room, and every moment is sheer delight. Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence show the most amazing versatility in song and dance.

Perhaps the clever little company who take part in the proceedings would be even more appreciated in a smaller theatre; one day some robust spirit seated in the umpteenth row of the stalls may find courage to adjure the actors to "Speak up!" Not from any ill will, but just because he wants to participate more fully in the pleasures of the evening.

Enfant terrible Noel Coward as George Pepper adds low comedy to his list of achievements

Lavinia spoils the sport of the funeral for Jane and Jasper by refusing to drink to friends in the churchyard (Gertrude Lawrence, Alison Leggatt and Noel Coward in "The Family Album")

Sketches by Rouson

Cannons of Hollywood and Dover Street

Angela Baddeley

Heroine of *Night Must Fall*

Angela Baddeley made her first appearance in 1915 in "Richard III." at the Vic, since when she has appeared in almost everything from Shakespeare (via Shaw) to Williams. From the last decade everyone will remember her Mary Rose and her Hedwig (Ibsen's "Wild Duck"), and from this decade her Schatze in "The Greeks Had a Word for It." As Schatze she played close to her sister Hermione, who is Mrs. David Tennant in private life. Angela Baddeley now takes the lead in "Night Must Fall," the comedy thriller whose author, Emlyn Williams, plays the part of the young murderer. Her husband is Glen Byam-Shaw, the actor

Miss Anthea Orr-Ewing

Miss Diana Barnato

Lady Alma Le Poer Trench

Miss Philippa Fitzalan-Howard

Miss Jean Grant

Photographs by Hay Wrightson

Debutantes of 1936

***Anthea Orr-Ewing** is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Orr-Ewing; she'll be eighteen this year and is being presented at a 1936 Court by her mother. Her father has been the National Conservative M.P. for Weston-super-Mare since 1934. The Orr-Ewings live at Wraxall, near Bristol*

***Diana Barnato** is the younger daughter of Capt. Woolf Barnato and Mrs. Richard Wainwright, of Elsworthy Road, Regent's Park. She is back from her finishing schools in Paris and Switzerland and has done quite a lot of sub-deb parties. Her mother is American; her elder sister, Virginia, came out in 1934*

***Jean Grant** is the third of the four sisters of Sir Arthur Grant, of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, and was born in 1917. Her mother, Lady Grant, who lives, since the late Sir Arthur Grant died in 1931, in Walpole Street, Chelsea, will present her this year. Her brother, who is in the Grenadier Guards, married Priscilla Thomson in 1934*

***Lady Alma Le Poer Trench** is the only daughter of Mary Countess of Clancarty, and the late Earl of Clancarty; was born in 1918 and is twenty-seven years younger than her half-brother, the present Lord Clancarty. She lives with her mother, who will be presenting her, at St. James's Court, S.W.1*

***Philippa Fitzalan-Howard** is the only daughter of the late Hon. Philip Fitzalan-Howard, and Mrs. P. G. Riviere. Her father, who was a brother of the present Lord Howard of Glossop, was killed in the war in 1918. Philippa Fitzalan-Howard has been doing a domestic science course this winter; she lives with her mother in Hill Street, Knightsbridge*

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

By this time the M.C.C. have doubtless selected their new secretary, the application period having been extended to January 14th. Raising the age-limit to fifty at the last moment was possibly a good move, though raising the salary from £750 (with house) might have been a better one. It isn't easy to run a large house and entertain on £750 a year, especially nowadays, when more and more prelates of the Establishment are preaching cricket. They also have to be invited to a decorous binge at G.H.Q. sometimes.

This reminds us of a warm debate at a dinner-party the other night in which we gladly took part, started by a man who is very keen on the spiritual values of cricket and its enormous moral influence on modern English life. What he wanted to know was this: when first-class, county, or Test cricketers go to Heaven, as they naturally must, do the professionals go in by an obscure little side-entrance instead of at the main gates? We said yes, most certainly. Otherwise, we said, the M.C.C. must be wrong, which is impossible. Somebody at once roared us down, pointing out that Brevet-Archdeacon Jack Hobbs has at the moment as much prestige as a spiritual leader as Honorary Bishop Jardine. Exactly, we said, but if they played again in Gentlemen v. Players on earth, the Bishop would still stalk out of the main pavilion door, and the Archdeacon would still have to use the measly little professionals' exit. So what? we said. Eh? we said. We should have said more, but by this time everybody had long since joined the ladies.

Pan Fan

We're not terribly fond of faces, dials, or pans ourselves, but those who like 'em are hereby invited to admire the ruthless energy of Mr. Harold Seton, of New York, who has amassed a famous collection of 10,000 portraits of every kind of head-line personality, indexed and cross-indexed, and many of them rare. Mr. Seton, now in London, tells us: "During the last few years I have derived great satisfaction from the altruistic pastime of giving away many hundreds of these photos to Government institutions, public organisations, and distinguished individuals in New York. I now plan to give away additional batches in England." In his spare time Mr. Seton is a persistent Broadway first-nighter, and his gallery of theatrical portraits includes one of Marie Tempest, Queen of the English Stage, in tights, and one of Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, as a baby.

A friend of ours in Paris had much the same hobby as Mr. Seton, except that he specialised. He collected only photographs, daguerreotypes, and early colour-prints of Mistinguett. Many of these were of historical interest—for example, those of the Napoleonic period. They also answered a question which has baffled students of history for generations—namely, "When and where did Mistinguett first begin walking down staircases with ostrich feathers on?" A very rare wood-cut vignette after Gavarni, circa 1846, shows her being laughingly egged on by a wealthy friend to walk down the steps of the Opéra-Comique. Before that she had always been carried by two footmen, knowing no other way. The idea appealed to her, especially when Victor Hugo suggested feathers. The spectacle became the rage of Paris, and she's done it ever since.

"Someone must have planted it there, sir"

Big Boy

Arthur Brisbane, chief feature-writer to the Hearst Press of America, made £53,000 by his typewritings in 1934, according to an official Treasury return. This is enough to stagger and daze all the bromide boys and girls in Fleet Street, from Auntie James Douglas down to the youngest tweeny in the trade. One reason Mr. Brisbane makes so much money is that every article he writes is syndicated to countless newspapers and periodicals all over America. The other reason is that Mr. Brisbane invariably writes the kind of stuff the citizenry like—or, at least, the kind which Mr. Hearst has decided the citizenry like, which is more important. To do Mr. Brisbane justice, he's on a much higher intellectual plane than the egregious Dr. Frank Crane, whose ethical outpourings a London paper—no names, no pack-drill—ran for some time at second-hand a few years ago. We got great fun out of the Crane, a philosopher of the Manly Smile school, one sentence to a line, thus:

Feeling blue?
I always smile when folks come round and tell me they're feeling blue!
I feel kind of sorry for them, too.
They don't seem to be able to get the best out of Life.
To get the best out of Life you have to get right close to it.
You have to Think Big!
Oh, folks, why not get busy (etc., etc.).

We followed the decline and fall of this thinker of the western world with exquisite interest, from great big type (with photograph) on the front page to rather smaller type on the middle page; then to still smaller type, (without photograph) on a

"Look, Nanny, that man's an artist"
"Don't be rude, dear"

more obscure page; then, finally, to shameful expiry in a tiny space squeezed in among the small ads. on the back page but one. You've no idea what a difference the size of type makes to a Message. Try reading a Kipling story in the original Allahabad type and you'll see what we mean.

Wild Harp

THE oldest Welsh harp in existence, owned by the Wynnes of Gwydyr, has been sold for £250 to an eminent Eisteddfod penillion singer, who will use it for broadcasting. If you don't know what penillion are, they're barbed and witty impromptu verses sung in Welsh by native bards to harp accompaniment. Rough specimen, translated:

Good-morning, Mrs. Jones,
I hope Mr. Jones is well,
Also Mrs. John Jenkin Jones,
And Morgan Jones the grocer,
And Griffith Jones the post-office,
And Mrs. Grwyngrwg Jones the shop,
And Myfanwy Jones, such a nice girl,
I hope you are all very well,
Yes, indeed,
Good-morning.

While these verses are being sung the singer sweeps the strings of his harp with wild Cymric abandon, his eyes aflame and his hair tossing. As the impromptu song proceeds he may get in a nasty crack at his enemies, thus:

Is that Mrs. Davies Cwmbachycrwgw?
Dear me,
Well, well,
Yes, indeed,
I thought at first it was Mrs. Crynog Watkins.

Welsh bards have been singing penillion for ages, moving countless multitudes to tears by the power of song and the fiery inspiration of their genius. Many of the most classic examples have been written down and jealously treasured, for example a famous one by the eighteenth-century bard Clwchwchwdd:

I took the path to Crwyllgwrcrwrg,
But I found myself in Pantyfflyscrwgrch;
I expect I took a wrong turning somewhere.

During the singing of this, it is related, the bard burst three harp-strings and was removed in an agony of emotion from the Baptist Chapel.

Excuse Our Hiccups

ONE of Auntie *Times'* boys, grieved and severe because Charles Laughton has made such a swine of Captain Bligh, R.N., in the *Mutiny on the Bounty* film, has been defending that honest but irascible seadog by quoting from the diary of a young lady named Anne Hallett, a friend of the Bligh family. And, if you'll excuse our hilarity, we think the boy has made a woundy good job of it, *e.g.*, "In the next few months there are frequent references to Bligh which are difficult to reconcile with the brutal sailor of *Bounty* fiction. For example——" These two extracts follow:

December 14th.—Governor Bligh called and chatted some time with me.

December 18th.—I went over to spend the day at Durham Place, and found it a very agreeable change. There was no company, but Captn. and Mrs. Bligh with the four girls form of themselves a very lively Society.

So you see what a dear Captain Bligh really was. He didn't seize Miss Hallett with

"Don't bother to see ush out, Lady Shylvia"

an oath by the back hair and have her beaten silly by the footmen. Therefore, how dare people say he was unkind to those dreadful sailors? The reason they mutinied was very probably because Bligh spoiled them.

Well, we're not so keen on film versions of history ourselves, but this seems to us a perfectly delicious argument for the defence, and it's made us hiccup. We've told you once before we're unable to cry at will, like Auntie James Douglas, whether for sorrow or gladness, our tear-ducts having suddenly dried up at a party in 1925. Any emotional shock or sudden pleasure just sets us hiccupping like mad. The only thing which sobers us down instantly, oddly enough, is to skim through the current number of *Punch*. That brings a person to earth, by gracious!

Water Boy

THANKS to Mr. Harold Speed, we now have for the first time a clear idea of what the Eros Fountain in Piccadilly Circus was meant to be, and isn't. Instead of "a second-rate Victorian wedding-cake with a dirty figure on a stupid point," Gilbert designed a much wider basin and a silvery Eros, to be kept bright by the perpetual spouting of jets from the upper basin, these jets forming, as it were, a dome of water on which Eros' graceful figure was to be poised. (Not that the figure, incidentally, is that of Eros, but that can't be helped now.) So it isn't much use the L.C.C. going all daring and Continental and turning on the water daily, as they recently decided. The present basin isn't nearly big enough, says Mr. Speed, and everyone passing close enough will get damnably splashed. This shows you can't turn London into Paris by a vote in committee.

Not many things in this grimy world are lovelier than fountains, and not many things are more revoltingly idiotic than fountains which never play. They grasped this truth on the Continent a long time ago, with the result that eye and ear and mind alike are refreshed and enchanted by so many water-pieces playing Ravel's *Jeux d'Eau* in every possible key that one can hardly choose between them for delight. Most gratefully of all we remember the fountain of San Jorge in the Cathedral cloisters at Barcelona, which soothes with its faint, delicate music the long sleep of Borra, buffoon to one of the mediæval kings of Aragon. The clown, with his bell-spangled statue on his tomb, lies among kings and queens and infantas. Will little Mr. ————, the poet, zany, and hanger-on, ever be suffered to mingle his ignoble dust with that of his employers, the Hon. Mrs. Turpitude, Lord Rumbleguffin, and Sir M. Sonnenschwein? We doubt it. We doubt it like hell.

Ye Merrie-Merrie Dept.

TWO rather interesting bits of stage business attaching to a recent jamboree of Dickens fans in London seem worth noting. We've nothing against Dickens or his fans, except that he ruined the English Christmas and that we wouldn't dress up as a Dickens character for gold untold . . . well, say anything under a fiver. This particular orgy, however, had one or two curious aspects, new to us. It took place in one of ye olde innes, and everybody, naturally, was dressed up all Dickensy. Curious aspect No. 1: a Boar's Hedde was borne in procession, escorted for some reason by a quasi-mediæval jester, making conscientious cracks and flourishing a rather anæmic balloon on the end of a stick. Why the devil——? Why——? Never mind.

CURIOUS aspect No. 2: the jamboree ended with Ye Olde Wassaille, which (so our rather scared informant swears on oath) was served to the faithful not only iced, but in cocktail glasses. The cult of Dickens in connection with Christmas is fantastic enough as it stands, God knows, with its guzzling and its sentimentality; but whoever thought up that wassail-cocktail idea must have been a pretty bitter satirist. If he wasn't, then he deserves a medal of the purest zinc, which is hereby awarded him, with a hey, nonny no.

THE BYSTANDERS.

THE PRESS-GANG

No. 11.—The "Isis"

SINCE I've a useless guiding star
I've never graced a J.C.R.,
A gown I've never worn,
And I must own up to the truth
That I have never stood (like Ruth)
Among the alien Corn;
But all the same, it very nice is
To read of such things in the *Isis*.

With vim and vigour it delights
To set its private world to rights,
And gaily it will strafe
Such rivals as the *Cherwell* when
They choose to chivvy with their pen
Its policy or staff—
And as this seems to happen daily,
The *Isis* keeps on flowing gaily!

The gags and jokes with which it's stored
Are never half so thick as "Broad,"
Which is as it should be,
Since each one of that famous host
Of *Isis* Idols cannot boast
More years than twenty-three.
So I will now my ancient tongue stir
To praise this far from youthful youngster

D. W.

"I got mine for being nice to my husband—how did you get yours?"

· FILMS of the DAY

"Peter Ibbetson's" Pedigree

By GEORGE CAMPBELL

A Seventeenth-Century Spy

Milady de Winter, an early example of the beautiful society spy, is played by Margot Grahame in Radio's new version of Dumas' "Three Musketeers." Margot Grahame is English

Gitta Alpar's British Film Debut

Gitta Alpar, Hungarian opera star, makes her film debut in this country as the Dubarry, with Owen Nares for her royal lover. It is of interest that Anny Ahlers, who played Dubarry in the London stage show, originally understudied Gitta Alpar

"PETER IBBETSON," speaking bookishly, is by George du Maurier, father of the late lamented Gerald. Cinematically, it is by Optimism out of *Smilin' Through*. Just as *One Night of Love* set the studios hunting for any old yarn about a singer, so the success of *Smilin' Through* started a frenzied search for Victorian melodrama, complete with ghostly reunions. *Peter Ibbetson* seemed the goods. But is it?

MY spies in Hollywood report that when the part of the sentimental architect was first offered to Gary Cooper, he rather boggled at it, and, my goodness, I don't wonder! The first half, all things considered, is pretty good. I am not awfully fond of men who go about prattling prettily of a garden they knew in their childhood, and of a maiden of eight summers whom they have held ever since enshrined in an aching heart; perhaps I 'm funny that way.

But once the long arm of coincidence is stretched, and the children meet again as adults, the thing really does begin to grip. Mr. Cooper is an imposing sight in his long coat and flowing black bow tie. Ann Harding looks prettier and less offensively virtuous than usual, and John Halliday, one of the strongest actors on the screen, suggests the ruthlessness of the Duke with subtlety and a fine economy of means. So here we are, all set, as you see, for a good old triangle drama in a period that hasn't been over-exploited—roughly, midway between Jem Mace and Oscar Wilde.

BUT straightforward drama of this kind wasn't George du Maurier's line. A versatile creature, cherishing memories of his own happy childhood in Paris in "an old yellow house with green shutters and roofs of slate," such as Peter Ibbetson keeps harping on, he knew practically nothing of England till he went to University College to study chemistry at seventeen; and I doubt if he ever did know the English people, or any other people; he knew only that little world that was Montparnasse and that other world, better washed but hardly larger, that was Mayfair. Fond as he was of anything appertaining to Society, with a capital S, he did not even practise the fashionable outdoor diversions of his day: his sight was too poor.

His biographers insist, though, that his bad sight had compensations. He was at Antwerp, blind in one eye and threatened in the other, when a copy of *Punch* arrived—the first he had ever seen. What happened? He lost his other eye? Not at all, Miss Smart-Alec—his doubtful eye immediately began to improve; he was filled with an ambition to be a comic artist in the Leech and Keene tradition, and, sure enough, before long we find him on *Punch*, a popular satirist, and man about town. Few people, I imagine, read *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby* nowadays, but it is on record that first editions have sold for £23 and £2 17s. 6d. respectively in this country and for 375 dollars and 170 dollars in that bookseller's paradise, New York.

ALL this is by way of leading to my point—that though du Maurier cut quite a figure in his day, his stuff has a Victorian super-Barrie-ish whimsiness, a modish unreality that spoils it for the modern palate. On the screen, particularly, it becomes quite hopeless—assuming, of course, that you like your movies to have meaning. *Peter Ibbetson*, with its hero and heroine having high jinks in fairyland while their bodies lie in Dartmoor Prison and the ducal hall, is quite as pretentiously absurd as *The Martian*, or Trilby, the tone-deaf artist's model who became a prima donna.

REALISM, as it happens, is not the strong point of any of the new movies. *The Second Bureau* is the best. Its story of espionage and counter-espionage is enough to make poor Phillips Oppenheim's brain reel, but at least it does hang together, and the acting is magnificent. The sequences showing the French agent's adventures in Germany and how he learns a good deal about a new aeroplane, and even more about a pretty telegraphist, are exceedingly well done; and when the Germans retaliate by setting a beautiful spy on his trail, with instructions to get him, dead or alive, the plot really thickens. No sentimental kid-glove nonsense, you understand. The German charmer is seen cold-bloodedly dropping prussic acid in the wine of a Russian go-between who has outlived his usefulness officially, and become a little exigeant privately; and when she is caught in her own trap and falls in love with the Frenchman, this does not prevent his giving her away to his superior and thereby signing her death warrant. Great stuff!

"SANS FAMILLE" is also French, but there the resemblance ends. Robert Lynen, the overrated urchin with the freckles who appeared in *Poil de Carotte*, must be one of the most put-upon young persons on the screen. In *Sans Famille* he is again badly done by—a foundling who turns out, after a series of coincidences that would have made Wilkie Collins or Henry Arthur Jones blush for shame, to be the son of a Lady Milligan, of Green Street. And here let me say that the passage where the French boys ask their way in London, and the "bobby" (played by an undersized Frenchman) echoes "Gr-r-r-r-een Str-r-r-eet!", is one of the funniest I have ever seen on the screen.

ROSALIND AND TOUCHSTONE: ELISABETH BERGNER AND MACKENZIE WARD

Elisabeth Bergner had a chill last week, so the filming of "As You Like It" was held up and the first night of "The Two Shepherds," Barrie's play for her, had to be postponed from February 15th, when it was scheduled to open in Edinburgh. Rosalind is Elisabeth Bergner's first Shakespearean part in English, though she played it on the stage in Berlin for a record run. It should make a lovely part for her in the elfin, boyish manner that English audiences think of as typical of her art. "As You Like It" will be this country's first contribution to the lengthy 1936 schedule of Shakespeare films, so 20th Century-Fox bear a burden of patriotic responsibility. Hopes are high, for their cast is good throughout: Mackenzie Ward, who has been in "The Wind and the Rain" for the last two years, is Touchstone, Leon Quartermaine is Jaques, Laurence Olivier is Orlando, Sophie Stewart is Celia; Paul Czinner, Elisabeth Bergner's husband, is directing

"The Gods Go A-Begging"

Pearl Argyle and William Chappell in the Handel—de Valois Ballet

THE newest addition to the Sadler's Wells repertoire is the loveliest of ballets—a series of Watteau pictures come to life and flowing one into another in a glory of colour, line and grouping. The music is Handel's, arranged by Sir Thomas Beecham, the choregraphy of this new version is by Ninette de Valois, and the setting and dresses are by Hugh Stevenson. Pearl Argyle and William Chappell are excellent as the heroine and hero, a gentle pair of divinities disguised as serving-maid and shepherd and then revealed to the band of lords and ladies who have lightly mocked their love as a god and goddess to whom homage must be paid. The combination of pastoral simplicity and silk-and-satin sophistication is most skilfully done, both by choregrapher and designer. The ballet is given again next Tuesday

Photographs by Anthony

Howard Coster

ERNST STERN, DESIGNER OF THE *FOLLOW THE SUN* DÉCOR

Once again London is in Vienna's debt. Ernst Stern was born there, and was a struggling artist doing illustrations for the famous, now-dead "Simplicissimus" and supplementing his income by cabaret performances when Max Reinhardt found him. Since then he's never left the theatre, and has designed the décor for nearly every Shakespeare play Reinhardt has produced. Cochran chose him for "Follow the Sun" because "he is easily the best man in the world for the type of imaginative work this revue requires, and because he designed the only Cochran show... bigger than 'Follow the Sun'"—"The Miracle" at Olympia in 1911. In the new Cochran show, which opens at the Adelphi this Friday, he has done the décor and dresses for twenty-five sets—a huge work, especially as he supervises every possible detail of the carrying-out of his designs. He is, incidentally, a great wit and wonderful conversationalist

Dramatis

Scriptural Charac
Otherwise—Re-enac

JEZEBEL

Posed by Betty Thomas, Epstein's "Genesis" Model

DAVID

Posed by Da

Personæ

ers—Heroic and ed for the Camera

id Lichine of the de Basil Ballets Russes

JUDAS

Posed by John Wyse, producer and Shakespearean actor

Photographs by Anthony

"Always be nice to girls; you never know
(The late Lady

AND WHO WILL THE

A Selection of Spinsters From Every

Miss Carmen Cory

She came of age in '35, is half-Welsh half-Scots and a magnificent physical specimen, tall, strong, fair. Nearly always shows very white teeth. An heiress

Miss Marjorie Biddulph

Is the Hon. Claude Biddulph's 21-year-old. Has rounded cheeks which photograph nicely and a fresh, sporting aspect. Hunts with the Beaufort. Counts Earl of Carlisle among kinsmen

Miss Florence Scheffel

Is a tall, slender American brunette resident in Paris. Adores resorts chaperoned by kindly, comfortable mother, who doesn't try to be modern or slinky. Might marry into the Almanach de Gotha, but won't take a jobless fortune-hunter

Miss Jean Weir

Jean Weir can, with difficulty, be told apart from her mother. An Ayrshire heiress, tall, healthy and eighteen. Father made pioneer aviation history, with his brother, Lord Weir

Miss Betty Harbord

Is grand fun. Known as "British Girl Bobber" in Swiss circles, she has gone to New York for drastic change. Heart of gold, splendid character. Inclined to spoil her brothers, so would probably spoil a husband

Lady Mary Stewart

Lady Mary Vane-Tempest-Stewart is barely fifteen but goes everywhere with the Londonderrys. Future already of interest. One sister married a Stanley

Miss Diana Bethell

Diana Bethell is dreamy-looking—a lovely girl—but not so beautiful as her mother, Mrs. Beck. Is rather shy and conscious of herself, but it's a very sweet self

Right: Diana Mainwaring has that precious thing — vivacity — and a roguish brown eye. Owns a man's name, "Claud," among others. Is twenty-two-year-old daughter of celebrated "Generis" and the late Sir Harry. Will be able to make her husband laugh

Miss Diana Mainwaring

who they will become"
Ailesbury to Lady Oxford when a girl.)

SE BECOME?

Set: No. 5

Miss Dorea Stanhope

Has achieved the early thirties without matrimony. Masculine brain and golf swing. Grand sense of humour and lots of grand relations. Sub-edits for Lady Rhondda as a change from leading dance band

Mlle. Alanova

Alanova, half-Scots, half-Russian, wholly alluring, dresses as well as she dances, and does both with an air. Goes out a lot in the international group migrating between the Paris Ritz and ours

Miss "Tiny" Dennistoun Sword

Is definitely one of those whom we expect to see a peeress. Of the type most admired to-day, she has rather romantic ideals. He must be Prince and Charming. So difficult

Miss Josephine Angas

Josephine Angas, whose economist father knows all about Gold and writes on its Standard, is fair-haired, eighteen and looking forward to second season. Mother gave her a nice ball

Left: Betty Leveson-Gower is many years younger than her only brother, who married Princess Averil Imeretinsky. A quiet girl with considerable looks, she makes no effort to play up to young men. Refreshing. Lives I. of W.

Right: Diana Lambton, a first-cousin of Lord Durham, was twenty-one last year. Has a nice welcoming manner, and that always effective colour contrast—big black eyes and a white skin. Loves racing

Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower

Miss Diana Lambton

Miss Chico Kilvert

Chico Kilvert, who revolves on Continent with outstandingly beautiful mother, has distinctly fetching peony mouth and lengthy lashes. American, she will probably choose a Prince

Lady Joan Hope

Left: Lady Joan Hope, second Linlithgow girl, is nearly twenty-one. As handsome on a horse as a dance floor; she's very tall. If conventional, will choose one of her father's A.D.C's. It's usual in India

Right: Diana Mills and Tunie Karri-Davies are two much advertised brunettes who deserve their paragraphs. Diana belongs to the Hillingdon clan and Tunie's Irish, but both have Australian relatives and lots of young men

Miss Diana Mills and Miss Tunie Karri-Davies

Raymond Massey

In *Things to Come*

It seems several months too long since we saw Raymond Massey either on the stage or the screen; but that will be remedied within the next week or two, when the great "Things to Come" is shown. He plays the part of John Cabal in the New World sequences, when the Wellsian Utopia of A.D. 2050 comes to life. It's a stupendous picture, this "Things to Come," London Films' most ambitious production. Besides Raymond Massey, the cast includes Ralph Richardson, Edward Chapman, Kenneth Villiers, Margaretta Scott, Ann Todd, Pearl Argyle, and a thousand more. William Cameron Menzies and Vincent Korda are director and art director, Georges Perinal is camera-man, and the dresses were designed by Rene Hubert, the famous Hollywood designer, John Armstrong and Cathleen Mann. Raymond Massey is the brother of the Hon. Vincent Massey, who came to London in the autumn as High Commissioner for Canada

"Bystander" Short Story No. 21

Educated Up To It

By Mollie Panter-Downes

THE bar was a half-circle of scarlet lacquered wood on which were arranged shining glasses, little white onions and French olives in dishes, various coloured bitters, and a fantastic green dog out of whose tail sprouted matches. Behind it the barman waited, smart in a white jacket, sucking his teeth and looking out of the window at the rainy dusk. They had not been able to banish the good old beery taproom smell. The place still smelt richly of it, as though the walls were impregnated under the gold paper and the fresh scarlet paint. Beside a bright little coal fire stood the solid old Victorian coal-box, its brass-handled shovel twinkling. That, too, had resisted the general transformation.

A car drew up in the stable-yard outside and the barman picked up a glass and began to polish it. The frosted-glass door was pushed open, letting in a breath of cold air and a young woman in a big coat. She stood by the fire, looking round sulkily as she drew off her driving gloves. Rain glistened in her short, dark hair.

"Good-evening, Miss Transome," said the barman.

"Good-evening, Joe. Not exactly a crowd here to-night?"

"No, the rain keeps people away. The usual, Miss?"

"Does it ever stop raining in this place? Yes, the usual."

She chafed her hands irritably, staring down into the fire. Her eyes were remarkably fine, large and grey under thick black eyebrows, but the arrangement of her thin, bony face had singularly little charm or sweetness. She was about thirty. Under her coat she wore a thick blue homespun skirt and a depressed grey jumper.

Joe put some crushed ice into a bar glass. He added gin, French vermouth, and a squeeze of lemon. Miss Transome had sat down at one of the little chromium tables. She reached into the pocket of her overcoat and fished out a cigarette-case. Joe set the drink carefully before her.

"Thank you, Joe. Is the Captain anywhere about?"

"He was in the kitchen a minute ago. He'll be coming in presently."

She nodded. There was silence. As she gulped the drink and nervously jabbed at a cigarette, the sullenness of her face relaxed a little. She sighed, stretching her long legs out to the fire. Suddenly a door at the back of the bar opened and a thin, carefully spruce man came in. He glanced over.

"Good-evening, Miss Transome. Give me a double whisky, Joe."

"Right you are, Captain."

He came and stood with his back to the fire, the drink in one hand.

"You seem to be my best customer, Miss Transome."

"Well, if it wasn't for this place I'd go mad. I can feel human for half an hour every day, at any rate."

"How's your aunt?"

"Oh, she's all right. I believe I'll have another drink, Joe."

"All right, Miss."

"How's business?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"So-so. We don't get the summer car

Sketch by Stephen Spurrier, R.O.I.

As she gulped the drink and nervously jabbed at a cigarette, the sullenness of her face relaxed a little . . .

trade now, of course. And the locals seem to fight shy of this place. They prefer to go for their pints to the Red Lion, down the street."

"It's a bit too advanced for North Witterham."

"Yes, I suppose they need educating up to it. But it's pretty cosy and cheerful, don't you think?" He looked round doubtfully. "You should have seen it when I took over! A real old tap-room—you'd have thought twice before you stepped inside it."

"You've done wonders since you've come here."

"Well, I've tried to brighten things up. I'm going to try and get some Saturday-night dances this winter. Just informal little shows, and I'd give them a good supper—plenty of eggs and bacon and sausages, and that kind of thing. They might bring parties over from the Manor and Fleetwood."

He paused, staring gloomily into his glass.

"They only need educating up to it," he said again.

The rain hissed in the fire. Joe stood waiting, like an old cab-horse, his head drooping, seeming to doze.

"Of course, there are good days. On Saturday a bunch of lads came over from Oxford. They ate all the food in the place. You didn't come in that evening, did you?"

"No; I couldn't get away. My aunt had people to dinner."

He looked at her with a flicker of curiosity.

"It must be pretty dull for you living with the old lady."

She nodded, picking the olive out of her glass and chewing it greedily. Her teeth looked strong and hungry. He sat down on the scarlet-leather bench, still watching her curiously.

"Usen't you to be on the stage?"

"Yes."

"How do you stick it down here?"

"I haven't the money to leave," she explained shortly.

"Well," he said uncertainly, "you should have been here the other evening. Real cheery lads they were. They woke the place up, I can tell you! I thought they might have been over again this evening, but the rain keeps people away."

He got up and went over to the window, looking out despondently at the shining cobble-stones. He was very neat and dapper, but he looked as though everything had swept on and left him behind, stranded, with his smart little military moustache and his horsey legs. He was utterly derelict. His eyes had a cowed, dark and bitter expression.

"In the summer I'm going to serve dinners in the garden," he said. "Jolly striped umbrellas and all that—Continental idea, you know. They only need educating up to it. Yellow umbrellas, I thought, with some of those cheery checked tablecloths."

He came back to the fire, whistling through his teeth.

"A drink on the house, Miss Transome?"

"Thanks."

"The same again, Joe."

"Right you are, Captain."

"Been up to town again?"

"Yes, the other day." He brightened. "A regimental dinner. What a binge! We ended up in a club off Regent Street at four in the morning."

"Not the old Silver Horseshoe?"

"That's right! Know it?"

"Know it!"

"Cheery spot, isn't it? We made it hum all right!" He laughed reminiscently. "What a head I had next day! But it was worth it. A real binge, I can tell you."

He lifted his glass, sighing.

"One of the lads kept on breaking glasses. Solemn as a judge, dropping them on the floor one after the other. You'd have roared."

"Ever have anything to do with poodles?" she asked.

He stared.

"Never."

"Well, don't. Nasty little beasts, always yapping and shivering. Ugh! One of these days I'll do it in when she isn't looking."

"Oh, I see. Auntie's pet, eh?"

He gave a guffaw.

"God, how I hate this place!" she said.

"You mustn't let it get you down, you know."

"No?"

She got up, struggling into her coat again.

"I've got to go."

"It's not the place—it's the people," he said suddenly. "They're dead-and-alive. They don't appreciate things. They're a dead lot. Wouldn't you think they'd appreciate someone trying to brighten them up a bit? Not they! Lord, they're a half-dead, fishy lot!"

He got up, following her over to the bar and rattling the handle of a fruit machine while she paid for her drinks.

"All the same," he said, "there's a chap over at Fexborough—used to be in the Gunners—nice little pub there, and he's coining money. It's the first year that's always bad, he tells me. If you hang on you start coining money. Awfully cheery bloke he is, full of pep, a regular dynamo."

"Good-night, Joe."

"Good-night, Miss."

"Thanks for the drink."

"See you here to-morrow?"

"I dare say."

She put her shoulder to the door and went out. The cobble-stones were glassy and she slipped a little on her way to the car. As she drove past the Red Lion she caught a glimpse of warm, steamy brightness, faces and brass red with firelight.

"There goes the old lady's niece from the big house," said someone as the car's tail-light disappeared into the darkness.

"Proud-looking piece, eh?"

"The old lady will cut up warm, I dare say."

"Shouldn't wonder."

The Captain remained standing by the bar.

"There may be a rush after dinner, Joe. Got everything ready?"

"Everything ready, Captain."

"Right."

He went out. Joe yawned and got out a racing paper. The room settled into silence and the rich, beery smell seemed to thicken. Outside the steel-framed window the rain poured steadily down.

THE END.

Here the Little Centrepiece is Johnny, the Band's Bad Boy

Borrah Minevitch

The Harmonica King and His Mouth-Organ Band

Borrah Minevitch and his Harmonica Rascals came to England for two weeks three months ago, and they're still here: good. They've played at the Piccadilly, the Café de Paris, over the air; on February 16th they are going to the Queen's Hall, with a whole Sunday-afternoon concert to themselves. They are about the most brilliant cabaret act the Café de Paris ever put on, and it's sad there are only four more nights of their four weeks' contract to run. The consolation lies in this Queen's Hall idea, which Harold Holt is sponsoring, and the chance it will give of listening to them as an orchestra. Each of "the boys" carries five or six instruments, and it is the extraordinary range of effects possible with all these different mouth-organs that entitles the band to orchestral status. Their concert programme will include a mouth-organ concerto, some adaptations of the classics, and some original American compositions. Borrah Minevitch is a real musician and conductor, as well as a harmonica virtuoso and a grand humorist. He has a steel-like control of his players, whose rhythmic exuberance is as disciplined as their pianissimo is a whisper. And they are such fun, with little "Johnny" as the butt and star of their fooling

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Miss Phyllis Bentley on Cæsar: By A. G. Macdonell

Miss Phyllis Bentley has skipped out of her native Yorkshire and written a long novel about Julius Cæsar, his life and times. It is called *Freedom, Farewell!* (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*). I must confess at once that I approached this book in a thoroughly prejudiced spirit. For this reason. A colleague, reviewing it in a very important literary weekly journal, had found fault bitterly with Miss Bentley because her portraits of Cæsar and Antony were not so compact with genius as Shakespeare's. Now this sort of thing, in my opinion, brings the whole trade of reviewing into justified ridicule and contempt, and I therefore was determined to like Miss Bentley's book. As a matter of fact, I needn't have worried, because *Freedom, Farewell!* is an enthralling book. And I am not using that adjective at random. I mean enthralling. It is not that Miss Bentley has been strikingly original. She has followed her Mommsen faithfully. It is not that she has soared into high flights of imaginative fancy. But she has had the wit to take one of the immortal stories of the world, and one of the immortal characters, and put it all down in simple, straightforward style. There is nothing sensational, nothing unexpected about it, because the tale is so familiar. But it is enthralling just because it is one of the half-dozen stories that will never die. For mild criticisms, I would suggest that Miss Bentley overdoes the stupidity of Pompey, that her grammar is apt to disintegrate from time to time, and that it is a pity to invent the dying thoughts of a supreme genius. But apart from those, I have nothing but admiration for the book. Historians, of course, will be furious at the notion of an amateur historian making history readable instead of grubbing about among ancient manuscripts and making history tedious. But I am prepared to bet that there will be a perceptible increase in the readers of Mommsen's *History of Rome* this year.

Mr. George Slocombe is one of the few British post-war journalists who can be compared in breadth and experience with the great Americans, and there is, of course, the profound difference between him and them that he understood what he saw, whereas they did not. His book of reminiscences, published by Heinemann at 15*s.* and called *The Tumult and the Shouting*, is infinitely better than anything done by any of the Americans (except Mr. Negley Farson, whose book is in a somewhat different category). We are beginning to get a little cynical nowadays about these reminiscences of shrewd, intelligent observers of post-war Europe, and with some reason. For each one rams home the lesson that ninety-five per cent. of European politicians are either knaves or fools, and that not one per cent. will be labelled a statesman by posterity.

Mr. Slocombe gives us fascinating pictures of Signor Mussolini before the March on Rome, of the French delegates trying to justify their grotesque Reparations figures, of Anatole France, of Lord Birkenhead's unfortunate speech at Genoa, of Curzon at Lausanne, of Locarno, the Kremlin, Lord Snowden's magnificent defence of British interests at the Hague, and many other exciting facets of the European scene.

J. R. Monsell — Artist and Composer

In the foyer of the Kingsway, the theatre where the musical version of Sheridan's "The Rivals" runs its tuneful way, there is an exhibition of water-colour drawings by J. R. Monsell. Mr. Monsell, born in Co. Limerick, is a theatrical Admirable Crichton. Not only is he responsible for the exhibition in the foyer, but also for the lyrics, scenery and costume of "Rivals!"

Mr. Jerrard Tickell has been a trifle unfortunate in his publishers' blurb on the jacket of his novel, *See How They Run* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), for on it is written these immortal words: "A star danced and under it Mr. Tickell was born a novelist." But after the reader has recovered from the totally unfair and illogical desire to lump Mr. Tickell with Christopher Robin and Peter Pan and give them all one vast and comprehensive kick in the pants, he settles down to enjoy an admirable piece of work. There is not a great deal of story in it, but there is a lot of capital character-drawing and some good descriptions. I could not quite make out whether Mr. Tickell is consumed with an overwhelming admiration for the principles of Conservatism or whether he is being subtly sarcastic about them, but he certainly lets loose a deadly shaft at the unfortunate National Government when he foists his comical Captain Allsopp upon it.

The art of writing verses that are both witty and blandly cultured is so rare that I cannot pass unnoticed *The Lyre on the Links* (Bale and Danielsson; 2*s.* 6*d.*), by Mr. J. C. H. Hill. It is a small book, but it is full of a polished irony and an impeccable sense of style. It makes one feel that Mr. Hill must be rather lazy in that his work is not more familiar than it is.

It may not have escaped the lynx-eyed readers of this page that I am not much of a one for detective stories, and when I am compelled by ruthless employers to read one, I do so with profound reluctance. But this week I have discovered one that is totally different from any that I have ever come across before. Everything about Mr. Richard Hull's *Murder Isn't Easy* (7*s.* 6*d*) is unusual. For one thing, it is published by Messrs Faber and Faber (who do not usually do this sort of work), and is therefore beautifully printed and got up; for another thing, its characters are all perfectly distinct and excellently drawn; and when to those qualities you add a novel setting and a novel sort of story, you will understand that this book is distinctly out of the ordinary run.

"Meet the Dragon" (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a thriller by Mr. David Hume, and it contains more murders to the square inch than any book I have come across for a long time. It is one of the series which chronicles the adventures of the firm of private detectives, Cardby and Son, a daring and experienced pair of semi-professional sleuths. In this particular adventure they are pitted against a mysterious criminal called "the Dragon," who kills people as soon as look at them, or even sooner. The Cardbys, in their great contest against this fiend, make every mistake that it is humanly possible to make. They rush into every trap, they bungle every clue, they believe everything they are told. And even so the Dragon cannot defeat them. In fact, it is unlikely that such a crew of dud crooks ever encountered such a crew of dud sleuths in the whole annals of detective fiction. In the end, Cardby and Son tumble into the most ludicrously elementary snare and are rescued by an elderly Chinese. But, all the same, it is all very good fun.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Diagonal checks will play an important part during the early spring, when light-weight tweeds are indicated. In the suit on the right, which comes from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, the dress is entirely cut on the cross, with long, tight sleeves, and a sash on one side which ties in a bow. The material is a fine cashmere in shades of yellow and brown. It is accompanied by a short jacket in homespun tweed lined with the same material as the frock. Another very smart ensemble consists of a navy blue skirt and short swing coat with bold red checks on a navy blue ground. The length for coats this season varies so much that it is impossible to say definitely what is correct—in fact, it is left to the wearer to decide what suits her best

Lenare

A Distinguished Trio For The Early Spring

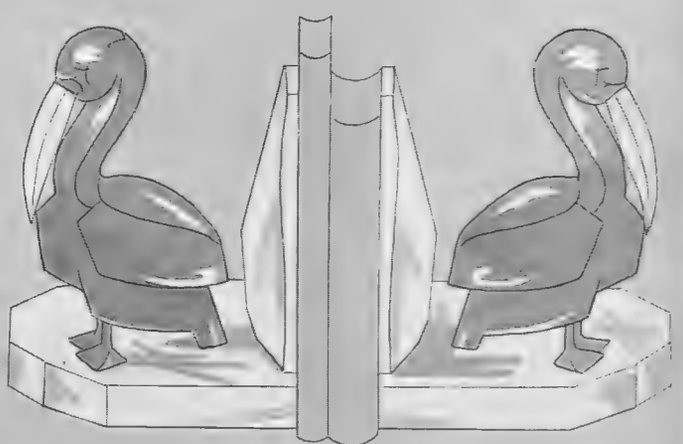
A charming group of spring hats from Harrods, Knightsbridge, is to be seen on this page. The model in the top left-hand corner is carried out in black antelope designed on the lines of a small béret with a chignon net at the back and a butterfly poised on the top with spreading wings which form an eye-veil. Next to it is a poke-bonnet which, contrary to all rules, tilts forwards instead of backwards. It is made in stitched silk and is again held in position by a chignon net. The latter is a revival of many years ago, when people wore their hair drawn tight to the head by a fillet of velvet or gold brocade. On the left is a delightfully unusual and becoming cap in black felt. The arrangement at the sides, with ostrich fronds peeping out from the centre, is an entirely new note and lends height to the wearer. There is no doubt that for the present caps lead the way for the opening season, while many of them are definitely nautical in character. A few designers are stressing the Chinese influence, but since this is only of topical interest, it is not likely to last long after the Exhibition is over. Fancy silks and rich materials sometimes take the place of straw and light-weight felts; also check taffeta in gay colourings, which is used for trimming, or else small caps with scarves to match

Dover Street Studios

THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

Here is something from Asprey's, Bond Street, that will appeal tremendously to golf enthusiasts. A morocco stand with a chromium ash-tray and eight-day golf-ball clock

The forerunners of spring fashions point to a revival of the Spanish or South American bolero and wide sombrero. The former can be carried out in almost any fairly stiff material, though it looks particularly well in velvet, with a skirt to match



It is often difficult to know what to give in the way of a wedding or any other kind of present, but book-ends are always welcome as they are decorative as well as practical. These may be seen at Asprey's, and are made of Mexican onyx with life-like models of pelicans in bronze

Smart accessories are being shown at Liberty's, Regent Street. The bag and scarf on the left cost 35s. the set, and are made in fine angora cloth, while the suède waistcoat on the right can be worn under any suit, and is reduced from 21s. to 15s. 6d. during sale time

Ring up the Curtain...

The President's Putter at Rye Opens the Golfing Calendar for 1936

The Finalist Chats

R. Wethered, who beat C. W. Measor (centre) in the first round, is chatting to Dale Bourn. Wethered won the event by beating Major Aitken in the final by two and one

Loser and Winner

The Hon. M. Strutt lost to Major Guy Bennett 2 and 1 in the first round of the Oxford and Cambridge Golf Society's Tournament

More Rainclothes at Rye

Dr. Harold Gillies (in sou'wester) lost to F. G. Mirfield 3 and 2 in the first round for the President's Putter

The Runner-up

Major W. H. H. Aitken lost to R. Wethered in the finals, in which the opponents were square at the 14th

Down the Fairway

T. P. Whitaker and W. W. Wakefield march along, clubs in hand. The former beat the latter 4 and 3 in the first round of the tournament

300 years tradition

IT is an art three hundred years old, the roasting and blending of Coffee in the traditional Viennese manner.

To-day English hostesses are learning that it adds distinction to their table to serve the favourite Coffee of Imperial Vienna. They realise too well that all their careful planning, the choicest wines, the rarest of liqueurs, and all the grace and loveliness of the setting are wasted unless their Coffee carries the same high note of luxury and tradition.

Blue Danube is a true "Viennese Coffee," roasted and blended as the Viennese learnt when Coffee first came to Europe from the East. It is stocked by all the best grocers, including THE ARMY AND NAVY, FORTNUM'S, HARRODS, INTERNATIONAL STORES, ROBERT JACKSON, SELFRIDGES, ETC.

BLUE DANUBE "Viennese Coffee"

London Nights

This Month It's a Dinner, Dance and Cabaret Guide for "Bystander" Readers Who Live in the Country

WITH Londoners largely migrated to Switzerland, Austria, cruises or hunt balls, there is time this month to look round the restaurants from a country point of view. The result is a collection of brief oddments of information that might be useful to the undecided visitor who wants to give a party of two or twenty, but doesn't know the answers to "where?" and "how much?" He'll want to know the name of the restaurant manager, and perhaps what band's playing. He'll certainly want to know where he can leave his hat and coat—to have to ask that always seems a dire betrayal of ignorance—but that information, unfortunately, would require maps and ground plans, and space won't stand for it.

AT the ***Dorchester*** there's the fullest of full-dress cabarets—technically a floor show—and the latest version of the famous local series of Midnight Follies started last night. Twelve baby stars have been picked by Clifford Whitley to replace Les Girls, called the Le Roy Prinz Hollywood Starlets, and they sing and dance and look a treat. Stars to these starlets are Florine McKinney, whose name is a film one (remember *Sequoia*?), a seventeen-year-old dancer called Dolly Arden, and a funny-man turn that was kept secret till last night.

If you come here to dinner you can see all this at 10.15 and dance as well, for one guinea. To see it later you must wait up till twelve-thirty, regulation cabaret-time almost everywhere, and this will cost you a guinea too.

Florine McKinney Is at the Dorchester

This lovely girl is a feature of the new Dorchester cabaret, "Midnight Follies, 1936"; she's a film star from Hollywood, and in London a star singer

SPORTSMEN

EPICURES

ATHLETES

GENTLEMEN

EXPERTS

ROYALTY

SAILORS

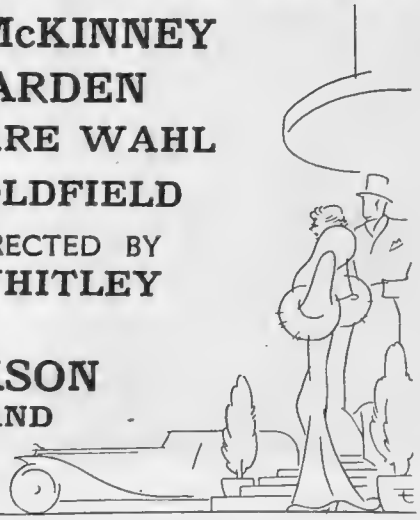
—AND SOLDIERS

ALL DRINK SEAGERS GIN

The Right Spirit

the Dorchester
MIDNIGHT FOLLIES

ALTHEA HENLEY
ONE OF THE
Le Roy Prinz
"HOLLYWOOD STARLETS"
APPEARING NIGHTLY AT
the dorchester
With
FLORINE McKINNEY
DOLLY ARDEN
WALTER DARE WAHL
&
EMMETT OLDFIELD
PRODUCED & DIRECTED BY
CLIFFORD WHITLEY
DANCING TO
JACK JACKSON
AND HIS BAND



MANAGING DIRECTOR FRANCIS TOWLE

But if you have dinner and dance and go away before the cabaret, that will only cost fifteen shillings a head.

At lunch time you can eat well for 8s. 6d., but it 's also possible to eat less and pay a little less, or more and pay more. (Remember "Cournic de Volaille Olga," a Russian pie that's a speciality and specially good.) In the grill, lunch and dinner are from 6s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.

Sartori is the king of the restaurant, the dance band is Jack Jackson's, and extension night is Thursday.

THE other big floor show is at ***Grosvenor House,*** and it 's also composed of a galaxy of American lovelies, singing and dancing acts, and a funny man. The show is a little longer here, very well put on, and everything looks nice in the silver restaurant, which is still one of the loveliest rooms in London.

Pastori is in charge. If you want to be in the best place for seeing, ask him for a table in the front of the " dress circle " : the restaurant is on two levels.

There 's a fixed dinner or supper price of one guinea, but a theatre dinner costs only 10s. 6d. Lunch is 7s. 6d. or à la carte, and in the Grill, if you don't eat à la carte, lunch and dinner are 6s. 6d. and 8s. 6d.

The dance band, by the way, is Sydney Lipton's.

Joe Kaye Makes Ritz Dance Music

Joe Kaye and his band have given the Ritz its distinctive dance music for the last two years. He also played here for three years from 1923, when the Ritz made its dancing debut. Before he joined up in the war, Joe Kaye had given two violin recitals at the Queen's and Wigmore Halls; after the war he gave up concert playing and started a dance band. Besides the Ritz, he 's played at the Berkeley, Savoy, Piccadilly, and Café Anglais

THE ***Ritz*** is terrifically sophisticated and smart, especially at lunch time. If you 're a woman, don't go there for lunch unless you 've the greatest confidence in your clothes.

The set-lunch price is the average eight-and-six, the restaurant and approaching passage are always packed and table-booking is essential. From twelve-thirty on, the hall is full of cocktail-drinkers, and provides an excellent snap-view of the out-and-about world.

In the evening there 's a Café Chantant, which means a three-turn cabaret with dancing between the turns. As compère, Viennese Paul Henried has succeeded Viennese and much-lamented Charlie, who has gone back to Monte Carlo. Germaine Sablon, from Paris, was singing last week, and most charmingly, in a sympathetic un-cabaret-ish voice.

Aletto is the manager of the restaurant; and knows everything about London Society and who goes out with who. Joe Kaye's band plays, and understands the Viennese waltz, if you like it. Extension (and crowded) night is Wednesday.

Evening prices are thus : a theatre dinner is from 10s. 6d. ; a full five-course dinner, including oysters or caviare, can be ordered for 17s. 6d., and will be impressively good ; supper

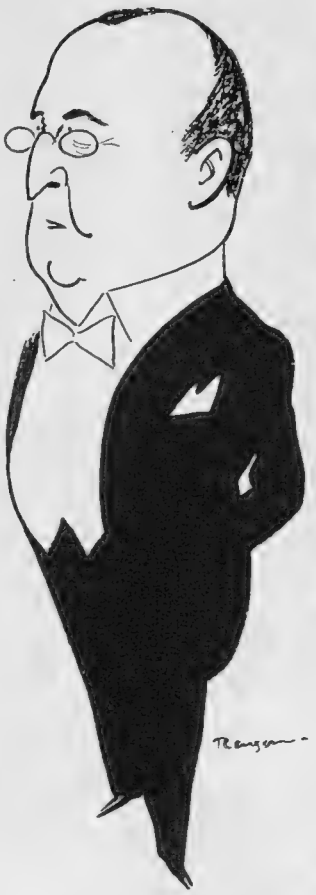
is from 15s. 6d. The Ritz Grill is famous as a setting for intimate or particular conversations; its walls have absorbed some queer vibrations in their day.

THE ***May Fair*** arranges its cabaret in the same way as the Ritz—turns and dancing alternately — and has a gay and pleasant atmosphere of its own. This week Diana Ward, star of *Anything Goes*, is singing some new "blues" songs which are her speciality.

Harry Roy ("Prince Pearl") leads his orchestra every night, and has a lot of fans. Charles is the manager here, and the late night is Friday—something to remember, as Friday extensions are rare.

Dinner, dance and cabaret won't be less than 15s. 6d.; but the supper price is from 12s. 6d. There's a half-guinea theatre dinner and a six-and-sixpenny lunch, or, if you feel poorer than that, the grill-room prices are 5s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. for lunch and dinner.

There's also the Viking Bar, which specialises in "Smorrebrod," nearly a hundred sorts, hot and cold; 6d. to 2s. 6d. per sandwich. There's a very popular Viking lunch for 4s. 6d. to make a note of—two smorrebrod, plat du jour and a sweet—and you can drink Danish lager at 6d. and 9d. a glass, "snaps" or "C.L.O.C." for 1s. a glass. If you don't know what the last two are, go and try them. The snack bar technique isn't everybody's, even yet; a learner's N.B. is that this bar is one of the nicest in London.



Major Swindells, Manager of the May Fair

Major Swindells, O.B.E., senior manager of the Gordon group of hotels, was at the Grosvenor before he took on the May Fair, and before that at the Metropole in its great and fashionable days. He served with the A.S.C. in the war, and was three times mentioned in despatches; now he takes the sea air every week-end at Bognor, where he has a house

THE last cabaret on this month's list is at the ***Café de Paris,*** famous for its extension nights (Wednesday), its balcony and its stairs down to the restaurant. Poulsen is king-pin here, and is, perhaps, the best cabaret-picker in London. To see what he's provided, you can't pay less than 15s. 6d., and on Wednesdays a guinea; that's for either dinner or supper. However, if you sit on the balcony, for which you needn't be changed, the minimum charge is 10s. 6d., and there's a small dance floor at the back.

Borrah Minevitch and his superb mouth-organ band are here till Saturday, and then Lita Grey Chaplin comes back. Poulsen is off to America soon for a fortnight's talent-hunting. Jack Harris and his band supply the dance music.

NOW let's go somewhere where there's no music. The ***New Clarges Restaurant*** (alternatively known as the Café Divan) recommends itself on to anyone's list because of the excellence of its food and the reasonableness of its prices. Also, because it's perfect as an escape from the fashionable crowd and clatter, you can sit and talk in your at-home voice. The cuisine really has an international reputation, and particularly for the specialities of the house—oysters, lobsters and every other kind of fish. Haggis is, curiously enough, another speciality—a nice bit of news for homesick Scots.

Binaco manages the restaurant. There are no set prices, but you can lunch and dine respectively from about 5s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., à la carte. There are particularly good hocks, moselles and burgundies on the wine list, and champagne prices are about twenty-five per cent. less than elsewhere. There's an unforgettable cocktail to be had here, named the Harwath, after the proprietor and its inventor, of the champagne-cocktail type, but a dozen times better.

au RITZ

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The restaurant entrance is in Clarges Street, where cars can be left as if in a private park. In Half Moon Street is the New Clarges Hotel entrance; it 's all the same building and hotel visitors can get through to the restaurant and grill. The hotel was completely modernised a year or two ago, and prides itself particularly on its beds. It 's very central, and has the same quiet, friendly atmosphere as the restaurant. You never get the impression here that London is very big and you are very small. . . .

The sketch is of the entrance to the New Clarges Restaurant and Café Divan in Clarges Street; the rest of the building is the "back" of the hotel, its "front" and entrance being in Half Moon Street

The New Clarges Restaurant

THE ***Bon Viveur*** can't give anyone that impression either, because it is so small itself. It 's in Chapel Street, just by the Curzon Cinema, and it 's a club, but as the subscription is only one guinea for country members (two guineas to Londoners), that 's no reason for its not being on everyone's list. The subscription, by the way, lasts for a year from the date of joining.

Davico runs the Bon Viveur; he opened it in 1932, and has created a definitely new kind of place to go to. Its prices are about half-way between cheap and expensive, depending on your tastes. The cooking is exceptionally good; everything is à la carte; there 's always a plat du jour for about half a crown, so that one can spend from about five shillings upwards on lunch, and from seven-and-six for dinner.

This is an excellent place to eat quickly before a theatre; the service can be amazingly rapid when necessary. It 's also ideal for a peaceful dinner and talk and dance evening, or for a brief supper-and-dance spell either in day or evening clothes. There is a tiny band which plays delightfully from about nine-thirty. If you come in for supper or just for a drink and sandwich before going to bed, you pay only for what you have.

There is a small cocktail bar which is an amusing place to meet people, or to give not-too-big parties.

AT the ***San Marco*** there are two bands to dance to, but no cabaret, so for the people who really enjoy dancing, it 's an obvious choice. Up till eleven, Len Hays and the Florida Night-Owls play, then they depart to get new steam up for the Florida itself, and are replaced at the San Marco by the Krakajax, who have pretty Judy Shirley to croon their songs for them.

Possenti is the man to know here, particularly as the place is very much his creation. It 's one of the most Mayfairish places, good for collecting a bit of local colour and seeing who 's who.

If you want to come in and you 're not changed, you can sit in a separate bit of the restaurant and see all that 's going on and the arrivals and departures. The extension night is Wednesday. Lunch is from 5s. 6d.; dinner from 10s. 6d., and the minimum supper price is only 5s. 6d. And there 's all the usual à la carte choice, of course.

At the Bon Viveur

The evening-dress pair of diners at the Club are Miss Pamela Stanley and Mr. (film director) Cunningham; the bachelor party consists of Lord Milford Haven and Mr. Felix Ferry, producer of floor-shows

FOR the ***Lansdowne*** you needn't be dressed; but if you are you won't feel out of place. The best evening time to come here is for dinner (from 8s. 6d.), or an early-ish supper (minimum price, 7s. 6d.); at present it 's not a place to choose if you want to make a late night of it.

Brian Lawrence and his band play amusing dance music, and there is no cabaret. At lunch (from 5s. 6d.) there is no music. It 's open on Sunday evenings. Fernandez is the manager.

The Farm is the local snack bar; it holds top place for originality of décor. Everything here is à la carte and not expensive, and you can have a comfortable little sit-down lunch or early dinner, if bar-stools don't suit your figure.

IN St. James's Street there is ***Prunier's,*** another place where music, dancing and cabaret are non-existent, and only eating counts. It 's the London version of the famous Paris fish restaurant, and is run by Madame Prunier herself. You can eat every sort and kind of fish, cooked in every sort and kind of way; you can eat all the ordinary dishes that other restaurants serve; you can hear a dozen different languages being talked any day of the week; you can drink half-a-dozen different wines by the glass: there are seventy champagnes on the wine list, and some extraordinarily good clarets and burgundies; you could order yourself a very pleasant lunch for about five shillings (dinner in proportion), or you could spend the earth on it.

From 5.30 to 6.30 is Prunier's dégustation hour, when you can have a drink and the small eatables that go with it for 3s. 6d. And you can come here on Sundays after seven o'clock.

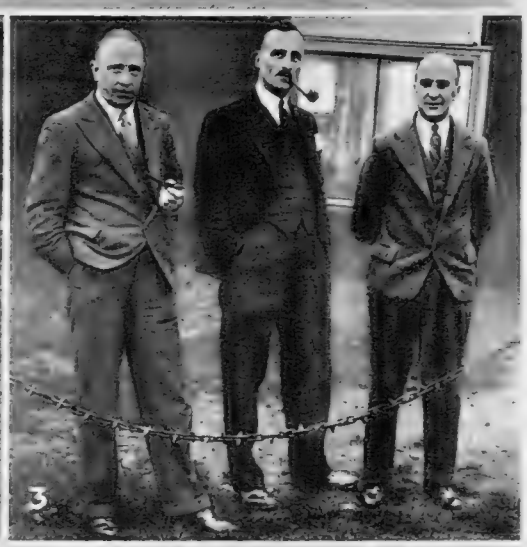
THE ***Carlton*** has for the moment ceased to have a cabaret or supper-time dancing; but it remains its old self for lunch and dinner. The cooking, the wines, and the service are incomparable. There 's a traditional grandeur about the Carlton that belongs authentically to perhaps two score hotels in the world.

Pratesi manages the restaurant, where the prices are thus: a set lunch for 8s. 6d., or if you want to pick your own dishes, you can do it for about 6s. 6d.; a theatre dinner is arranged for twelve-and-six, and a full and first-class dinner for fifteen-and-six; but both these prices are adjustable up and down.

In the Grill (it 's another famous grill) everything is à la carte.

E. L.

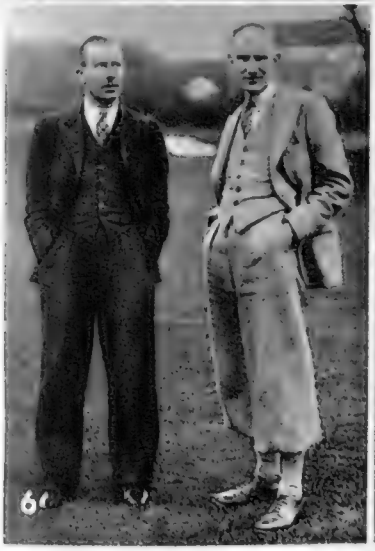
A View of the Club-house



Golf Clubs at Home

Pollard's Hill Club, Norbury

(1) J. S. Bartlett and G. J. Belcher (captain and hon. secretary). (2) J. T. Hepburn (ex-captain) and C. H. Maxwell (hon. treasurer). (3) F. T. Dear, B. G. Coffin and L. Fouracre. (4) C. E. Flay and A. W. Rice. (5) W. C. Lunn and C. W. Prewett. (6) A. Gray and G. M. Jervis. (7) R. S. Tash and H. R. Clarkson. (8) D. G. Wright (champion) and F. Cox (professional). (9) "Old" Young (steward)



Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Tips from the All Blacks

A Record for Rugby

Michael Walford appeared 108 consecutive times for Rugby school XV., and was captain of football, hockey, cricket and fives there. But this was only the beginning of a record-breaking career; by his fourth term at Oxford he has received three Blues—for football, hockey and cricket

The Cambridge Smile

Another multi-sportsman is Wilfred Wooller (Rydal and Christ's, Cambridge), who won his Blue for cricket and rugby, and is also a sprinter. He was chosen by the Welsh selectors to play against England at Swansea. He is in his last year at the University

HALFWAY through the season, and any amount of good stuff ahead of us, which is all very agreeable. Normally we could pause and indulge in a little stocktaking, but this year there is no need for any such recapitulation. Thanks to New Zealand, we know where we are. And our stock, if we must talk about it, is palpably rising.

There will, I think, be tremendous interest in the Calcutta Cup match at Twickenham on March 21st, the only international match at headquarters this year. If, that is to say, England can keep up her good habits, and continue to play the sort of football which so startled New Zealand at the beginning of the year.

I had a long talk with our visitors about that game, and they were all of them most emphatically of the opinion that it was Cranmer's match. They admired Obolensky's running and general football sense, but Cranmer was the man, they said, who made the English triumph possible.

Half-time Lemons

T. Obolensky (Prince Alexander's brother), C. A. Grimshaw, and P. F. Cooper were playing for Rosslyn Park when they were beaten six points to three by the London Scottish after a hard game at the Athletic Ground, Richmond

WE shall not quarrel with them over that, but on one or two other points we may be prepared for a little friendly argument. Mr. Meredith, who managed the New Zealand tour most competently, is a very considerable Rugby theorist, and he is often said to be the most astute strategist in New Zealand, which is high praise indeed. In his view, there are in the four home countries the best players in the world, but their talents, he maintains, are wasted.

Mr. Meredith regards our attacking methods as obsolete. He has no use for the orthodox long pass to the stand-off half, or the constant endeavour to create the overlap on the wings. Attack, he argues, fails or succeeds at stand-off half. Break the defence there, and a try should follow. The New Zealand stand-off half—first five-eighths, they call him—takes a short pass from the scrummage, level with the back row of the scrum, and he takes it going all out. The forwards break up with each man making at once, regardless of anything else, for a definite place, and all eight of them thus form a line. Now, if the stand-off half breaks through, he has his three-quarters on one side of him, and his forwards in a line on the other, and he can start a passing movement either way, according to the disposition of the defence.

The odds are that the defence will be covering the three-quarters, and a passing attack by the eight forwards, therefore, is almost certain to succeed. Mr. Meredith told me that with a first-rate five-eighths, but an otherwise ordinary team, his province regularly runs up fifty or sixty points in a match by using this method.

UNFORTUNATELY, the New Zealand team which has just left us had no player with the requisite speed and jinking ability to start this form of attack, though J. R. Page would have been the man for the job but for the injury which kept him out of action. We were therefore unable to see Mr. Meredith's plans in working order, though I can well imagine that they would have been effective.

This system of the short pass from the scrummage, a pass, moreover, which hardly goes backward at all, is directly contrary to our principles of attack. For years we have insisted upon the necessity for the longest pass consistent with speed and accuracy, a pass which goes well back, and gives the stand-off half time and space in which to work. We have possibly overlooked the fact that such a pass also gives the defence, and particularly the back-row forwards, time to come up and drive our mid-field players across the ground.

WE have here, at any rate, food for thought, though this particular movement is obviously only one attacking weapon. Mr. Meredith did not claim that it was anything more than an addition to our armoury, but he considers that our theory is too stereotyped, and it was tantalising for him to see such players as Cliff Jones and H. Lind confined within the limits of orthodoxy when he could have made such telling use of them.

Any general application of his theories would breed a new type of stand-off half. The smooth-running, balanced player of the W. J. A. Davies and H. J. Kittermaster school, would be displaced by the snipe-like runner, exceptionally quick off the mark and able to side-step and jink his way through at top speed. Obviously Lind and Jones are just cut out for such swift purposes, and the Air Force have in G. A. Walker a player of very similar aptitudes. I have an idea, in fact, that it would pay the Air Force admirably to model their tactics on those of New Zealand in the forthcoming Services championships.

THE Air Force cannot claim to have so many illustrious players behind the scrummage as the Army, for example, and their hope lies in tactics and team-work as opposed to individual brilliance. Let them start with a foundation of sound scrummaging, and continue by applying this New Zealand method of attack, and they might do uncommonly well. G. A. Walker is their trump card; neither the Army nor the Navy have stand-off halves who could apply the essential initial speed and thrust, and clearly the Air Force must concentrate on making the best possible use of Walker's special abilities. I suggest that they can only do this by building their attacking plans round him, and that he alone cannot carry stereotyped methods of attack to success. They must be unorthodox, therefore, and this is where the New Zealand strategy might suit them so well.

I don't suggest that there should be slavish imitation of New Zealand tactics throughout the country, and particularly do I think it would be unfortunate if many clubs adopted the 3-4-1 system of packing. Mr. Meredith argues that this formation is a better shoving formation than any other, though I take leave to doubt it. Certainly it is a poor all-round formation, useless for the wheel and the straight shove. And what we need above all just now is the continued improvement in all-round scrummaging.

What does the syphon *say*?

★ **Schweppes Soda Water** is also sold in Bottles—Large, Splits and Schweplets . . .

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

The Pace That Kills

DEAR BYSTANDER,

ON the backs of those innocent white pages of those damning note-books in which I record each shot as it is played during the season, I am wont to write other notes and to head them "Topics." These are far from innocent, or, at least, the juxtaposition of certain matches with such topics as "How Not to Take a Beating," or "Manners to Your Caddie," might be considered distinctly personal and rude if it were disclosed what players had inspired them.

I HAVE just been looking through the note-books of autumn 1935, and find them singularly devoid of such suggestions for topics. It may be that some were put down, and then washed away; the October weather was such that the pages, if not pulp, have had most of the writing obliterated. Or it may be that the weather simply did not allow of thought on anything beyond the immediate business in hand—to wit, who was beating who, and why, and how one could hope to read the details, translate them into a column of print, and reach the post office within an hour if one dallied to have tea, change wet clothes and/or have a hot bath before tackling the business. Or is the explanation that everything went on such oiled wheels and all the world behaved itself so beautifully, that there were really no controversial points raised? I can hardly believe that, much as I would like to; perhaps further search will reveal that the sparkling topics were transferred from the saturated note-books to the safety of dry files, thence to be extracted in warmth and leisure.

IN the meantime, one entry writ large across a blank page has caught my eye—PACE 2½ HOURS. The match of which the opposite page holds record is the morning of the Worplesdon Final, when Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp and her brother were 1 up on Miss Jean Hamilton and Mr. Stuart Forsyth. Now that was extremely fast going, and the point is that the golf was extremely good. Does it prove any connection between the two? Worplesdon is a long course, with considerable walks between green and tee, walks where a big crowd, such as followed this match, are apt to hold up proceedings not a little. Two hours for a friendly would be very fast going; for a final with a large crowd two and a-half hours was almost a sprint. Yet look at the quality of the golf. Miss Hamilton's side was out in one under 4's and 3 up; the Cradock-Hartopps took the next seven holes in three under 4's, to square matters, and after halving the seventeenth in 4, won the eighteenth in the first bad figure of the morning for either side, a grisly 6, the lady having pulled out of bounds. Argument that a foursome is quicker than a single holds little water; at such moments as a Worplesdon final the wise partner—and all these four of 1935 merit the adjective—waits for his or her fellow before playing the next shot. None of these four is exceptionally quick: Miss Hartopp, indeed, used once to be slow. But it shows that to take an abnormal length of time is no proof of good golf, nor method for its production. Temperaments differ, and for the player whose mental processes are slow, to attempt lightning decisions is disastrous. But such should at least make up for mental deliberation by bodily alertness, just as those whose temptation is to race round the course should try at least to curb their strides, even if the shot itself is quickly planned and played.

Mrs. Rhodes, "Bystander" Challenge Cup Winner

Congratulations to Mrs. C. D. Rhodes (Harrogate) on winning our challenge cup for the greatest number of Monthly Spoons gained during 1935. She tied, with five spoons, with Miss M. Wall (Weston-super-Mare) and Miss N. Williams (Coxmoor and Sherwood Forest)

"Bystander" Cup Winners at Nice

Captain J. Muir and Mrs. Ethel Nicol won the "Bystander" Mixed Foursomes at the Nice Golf Club on January 5th. Here they are with the cups. They were all square with par. There were forty-four entries

BUT to dawdle over details such as choice of spot on which to tee, to fiddle about with cigarettes or gloves or any adjuncts when the opponent is ready and waiting, to walk to and fro and to again on the green helps nobody, and because they make the game more difficult for the opponent are quite emphatically among those things which are not done. The good player, with very few exceptions, is the quick player. Endless practice swings, endless consultations with the caddie, impress nobody, help nobody, and they do quite certainly make for unpopularity. Some people are golfing bores, though their conversation be of the wittiest, simply because they are so preoccupied with the trimmings that it seems as if they will never arrive at the actual hitting of the ball. And then they wonder, poor dears, why friends do not tumble over each other to secure them as partners, or why there is an unseemly scurry from the lunch-table so as to get off the first tee in front of them.

I FEEL somebody, on reading this, is going to say, "But I cannot play well if I hurry." Very well, then, that is that. Only, for pity's sake, look behind you, and if other players are keeping up with you, and you are not keeping up with the couple in front, wave that couple behind on. Don't wait to be asked; do it now, and so at least preserve the popularity your slowness will otherwise inevitably lose you.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

4/6

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Air Speeds Are Rising

By Charles Ward

Left: London University Air Squadron is in training at Northolt. An R.A.F. instructor is discussing a cross-country route with a pupil, before sending him up on a practice flight

Below: on the tarmac at Heston. Mr. Norman Shelley, well known on the air, and Miss Phyllis Gordon, dressed for a spot of open-air flying. Heston caters for the owner-pilot and is also the principal air-taxi rank in Europe

By Air to the Moon

THE only people in London to see the eclipse of the moon the other night were the crew and a passenger of an Air Commerce taxi. The 'plane left Heston in very bad weather and was directed throughout the flight by wireless from the ground station. The pilot climbed to 9000 feet before finding the moon, and even at 12,000, he was still flying through stray wisps of cloud. The photographs taken of the eclipse were excellent. When the true helicopter is on the market, flights into moonlight may well become a fashionable evening's amusement as the climax to a good party on an otherwise murky night. At Brooklands, Capt. Duncan Davis is organising a flying club cruise, which will take to the air on or about March 4th. They have a way with them at Brooklands to ensure that such a party will be a roaring success. The South Coast Flying Club at Shoreham, which is under Brooklands management, has been duly launched by a general gathering of the clans, with a dinner and dance to follow.

Fast Liners for Summer Traffic

IN England, France and Germany there are new aircraft under construction to cruise at 200 miles an hour—fast enough to make London-Paris in an easy hour and ten minutes. De Havilland's are leading the way in England with a passenger version of the famous "Comet" which won the race to Australia in 1934. It will have four of the latest Gipsy "Twelves" with variable pitch airscrews, flaps, slots and, in fact, all the paraphernalia for high-speed flight with safety. Crilly Airways will use the new liner for their mail service from London to Lisbon. In France, developments are taking place on "Comet" lines, and there is also a reversion to our own type of luxury liner, the best example of which is the "Heracles." Air France will put into service a fleet of large Pullman 'planes, in which comfort takes precedence over sheer speed. Lufthansa celebrated its tenth anniversary by launching a "Heinkel" monoplane carrying ten passengers and baggage at a maximum speed of 250 m.p.h.

"Geodetics"

A NEW system of metal construction has been evolved by a British engineer, Mr. B. N. Wallis, and a comparatively unknown word, "geodetics," has been added to the vocabulary of head-line artists. Last year Vickers produced a monoplane called the "Wellesley," which was exhibited at Hendon, but no details of its construction were made public. Now the secret is out—thin metal strips wind their way from end to end of the fuselage and wing, crossing each other and forming an exquisite interlacing pattern. There are no bracing wires, struts or rods apart from these strips, and the structure derives its strength entirely from the pattern. A covering of metal, fabric or any other suitable material, can be superimposed, to give the geodetic shape a streamlined form. Very considerable reduction in weight has been achieved, and, of course, the hollow wing and fuselage is much more readily fitted to carry passengers, cargo or fuel than one obstructed by baulks of timber or chunks of metal that are usually inserted to keep all the other parts in place. The "Wellesley," loaded with fuel alone, could fly 8000 miles non-stop, and it may be used to recapture for Great Britain the world's record in this category. Geodesy, by the way, is the branch of mathematics dealing with the figure of the earth. Professor Sutton Pippard, with two assistants, is now engaged on a mathematical analysis of geodetic construction and expects to report results in two years' time. Scientists and mathematicians are coming more and more to the front in aircraft design. The plastic engineer, who produces the carcass of a wireless set out of compressed milk, is proposing to turn out aeroplane bodies on the same principle. A determined attack is being made on skin friction, so that a perfectly streamlined body may slide through the air with the minimum loss of speed. Genuine cruising speeds are already in excess of 200 m.p.h., and very shortly this rate of travel will be the standard by which all services are judged.

A Rash of Flying Fleas

THERE seems to be no word to describe a large number of fleas, probably because that irritating insect is a soloist. So, to indicate the result of the "Pou" fever, we will refer to them in quantity as a rash. In France it is reported that the hundredth "Pou" has flown, and in England more than five hundred are being built at the present time. M. Mignet, the originator of this rash, asserted that anyone who could build a packing case could build a "Flying Flea." Unfortunately, it is not everyone who can build a packing case. Quite probably not more than 10 per cent. of these little 'planes will ever fly, but the value of the movement started by Mignet lies in the enthusiasm for flying which it has created amongst those who could not afford to join the existing clubs. There is to be a Rally of "Flying Fleas" at Ramsgate on August Bank Holiday, by which time the hundreds now under construction will have sorted themselves out into successes or failures. The Air League is fathering the "Flea" here, and its test pilot, Fl.-Lt. Cowell, can be hired to test the home-made article. Air Com. Chamier, the League's Sec.-General, translated Mignet's book into English.

"I LIKE A PLAIN-TIP CIGARETTE, AND **KENSITAS*** DOES NOT BOTHER MY THROAT"

June

June, the charming and beautiful actress, who will be starring in André Charlot's new Vaudeville Revue.

The *Costlier Virginia Tobaccos* used in Kensitas *plus* the Kensitas Private Process *(the Process that expels certain biting, harsh irritants naturally present in all tobaccos)* assure you a plain-tip cigarette that 1004 Doctors have agreed to be less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes.

**Your Throat Protection Against Irritation...Against Cough*

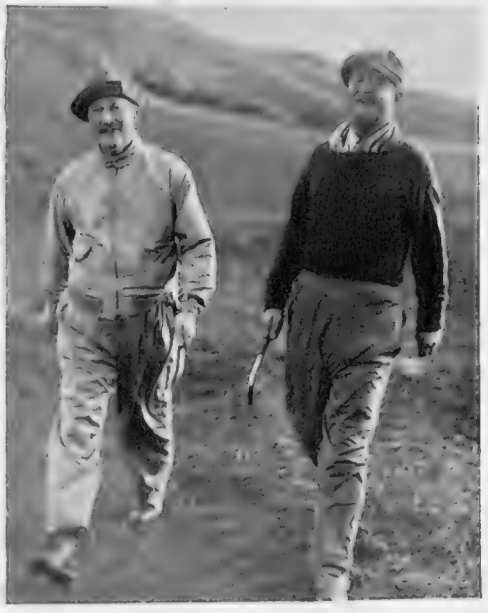
But Where is the Ball?

H. A. Pope explains to his victor, D. H. Martin, why he lost to him 6 and 5 in the first round of the match for the President's Putter at Rye

T. R. Parry beat R. C. G. Middleton 2 and 1 in the first round of the Rye tournament, played in a powerful gale with much casual water lying on the course

Rye Faces

Captain J. C. Craigie and J. C. M. Lowe laugh at the bad weather in the Rye tournament. Craigie beat Lowe one up in the first round



Laughing in its Teeth

The President's Putter at Rye

By J. S. F. Morrison

MANY people must be surprised that the members of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society elect to play their one meeting of the year early in January, Unfortunately, this is the only possible time for the meeting if schoolmasters are to be considered, and there are a very large number of schoolmasters who are members of this Society. It would be impossible to find a suitable date in April; August, except by the English Golf Union, is not considered a suitable time of the year in which to play the game, and in September three competitions are played at St. Andrews. Consequently, if the meeting of the Oxford and Cambridge Society is to be played during the school holidays, early in January is the only possible date.

This Society has been extremely fortunate not to have experienced, since the first meeting was held in 1920, weather which made golf impossible. On numerous occasions the players have had to brave conditions in which they would not for a moment have considered playing in the ordinary way, and on many occasions most of the competitors have clad themselves in so many clothes that they could hardly swing the club.

THIS year a large portion of the course was covered with casual water, nearly all the bunkers were full of water, and the fourth green was under water. The Rye Golf Club is lucky to possess at the fourth hole a relief green which can be brought into play when the proper green is unplayable—as it is on many occasions at this time of year. During the time I was at Rye I saw only two bunkers which were not full of water. A gale blew on the Thursday, when play for the Croome Shield took place, and again on the Friday. On the Saturday there was only a slight breeze, and on the Sunday hardly a breath of wind. Some idea of how fierce the gale was on the Thursday can be realised when I tell you that it was impossible to put up an umbrella. Two players, late on Thursday evening, tried to do so: one of them had all the ribs of his umbrella broken, and the other had the stick snapped in two like matchwood. In these conditions the worse player has more chance of beating the better player, but in spite of this, there were very few results which surprised the critics. It was rather interesting to note that play generally deteriorated on the Saturday morning, when the playing conditions were very much easier. Apparently, after fighting with the gale on the Thursday and Friday, players found that playing in more or less calm conditions was so strange that it took the whole morning to acclimatise themselves to the change. As has happened on every occasion, with the exception of two, two extremely good players fought out the final.

I DO not think there is any doubt that Major Aitken and Wethered between them played the best golf during the meeting, and that both thoroughly deserved their places in the final. Major Aitken had a comfortable journey to the final, and never appeared in danger of defeat except in his match in the semi-final against G. H. Micklem, who has improved tremendously as a golfer since he went down from Oxford in 1933. Wethered had some very easy victories, and on one occasion won by 8 and 7, but he was taken to the last hole by F. G. Mirfield, a former Sussex champion, and only beat L. G. Crawley in the semi-final by 2 holes up and 1 to play, in a match in which the winner drove all over the place, but in spite of this, by magnificent iron play managed to get the holes in the correct figures. It is extraordinary how golfers—and especially those who watch golf—love to make mountains out of molehills. It was freely stated on the course that playing Wethered's ball at the eighteenth hole cost Mirfield the match. The true facts are that at the time Wethered stood one up, and had considerably more chance of doing the eighteenth hole in 4 than his opponent. As Wethered only required a half for victory, it seems extremely likely that the result would have been the same if Mirfield had not played his opponent's ball. The final produced a most interesting match with many brilliant shots and thrusts, and also several feeble strokes. Major Aitken took three putts on the first and third greens, and found himself 2 down on the fourth tee. He got a hole back at the fifth, where he lofted a stymie after Wethered had pulled his second shot. Major Aitken won the next two holes in 3 and 4 by holing a long putt at the sixth and by putting his run-up dead at the seventh, and thus took the lead for the first time. The ninth hole had a big bearing on the final result. Major Aitken, having obtained the lead for the first time, drove into a bunker on the left, but the ball ran down from the face into the centre of the bunker, and was lying extremely well in a position from which he could easily reach the green with a niblick, but he half-topped his second shot, found a very bad lie in the face of the bunker, and lost the hole comfortably. Major Aitken lost the tenth hole, where he was stymied, but he had only himself to blame, as if his first putt had not been much too strong his opponent would not have had the chance to stymie him. Major Aitken won the next two holes in 4, although he did not play them well. He had to hole a long putt for his 4 at the eleventh, and put a pitch-shot dead at the twelfth. Major Aitken made a grave error at the fourteenth hole, which is a very simple one-shot hole, and is to be replaced by a new hole with the green to the south-west of the present position between the sand-dunes and the sea. Major Aitken was short from the tee and took three putts, to see his lead disappear.

NEITHER of them played the sixteenth hole well: Wethered was short on the right in 2 and Aitken to the left, having had to play his second with the ball lying above him—a lie from which it is extremely easy to pull. Wethered played a beautiful run-up stone-dead, to win the hole in 4 against 6. Both were short at the seventeenth, but Wethered holed from about three yards, to win the hole in the par figure and the match by 2 holes up and 1 to play. Wethered's score for the seventeen holes played was an average of 2 over fours, which is, in the ordinary way, a good score, but should have been better as the conditions were ideal for good golf. There was not a breath of wind and no sun; consequently the judging of distance should have been easy. Wethered has now won the President's Putter outright on four occasions, and also jointly with Storey in 1926, when the final was abandoned owing to darkness at the twenty-fourth hole.

THE Monte Carlo CALENDAR

Winter Season, 1936

JAN. 26	MONTE CARLO OPERA SEASON opens with Wagner's "Ring."
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.
FEB. 16	Tennis Competition for the Cup presented by T.S.H. Princess Antoinette and Prince Rainier of Monaco.
FEB. 19	Music—LISZT FESTIVAL, Conducted by George Georgesco.
FEB. 20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—Sporting Club Challenge Cup.
FEB. 21	Classical Concert, with Mlle. Erica Morini.
FEB. 22	Monte Carlo Opera—Gala Performance and Charity Ball.
FEB. 24–MARCH 1	MONTE CARLO COUNTRY CLUB—GRAND INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT.
FEB. 27	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Rivett-Carnac" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 1	Winter Sports—Annual Downhill Race at La Colmiane.
MARCH 4	Berlioz' Requiem, Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 5	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Walter de Frece" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 6	Music—GALA CONCERT, Conducted by RICHARD STRAUSS.
MARCH 8	Winter Sports—Monte Carlo Ski Club Relay Race at Beuil.
MARCH 19–20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP.
MARCH 25	CLASSICAL CONCERT, with MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 27	GRAND RECITAL by MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 28	INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.
APRIL 1	GALA CONCERT, with MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 2	Monte Carlo Theatre—OPENING OF THE BALLET SEASON.

THE MONTE CARLO MUSIC SEASON continues throughout April, during which month KREISLER will appear on two occasions. THE OPERA SEASON runs until the end of March, and amongst other distinguished Singers who will be heard are LILY PONS, AUTORI and CHALIAPINE. The Comedy and Operetta season also continues until the end of March at the Théâtre des Beaux Arts.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the beginning of April—the programme for January has already been published in earlier editions of the Calendar.)

Travel Arrangements

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s.
Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d.
Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d.

30-day Tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.

SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.

Monte Carlo

A BETTER SHAVE
WITHOUT A BRUSH
THAN I EVER GOT
WITH ONE!

..that's what Colgates mean by a *brushless* shave cream!

This is the amazing shave cream that Colgates produced as a result of their experts' discovery—that you can get a better shave without a brush than you ever got with one. But it took Colgate's experts two years of experimenting and testing to produce a cream that would do it. A perfect brushless cream. Non-lumping. Non-sticky. Spreading smoothly and evenly and leaving no trace of shininess. You simply spread it on—then shave it off as quick as you put it on—and enjoy the extra after-shaving comfort it gives. It's so easy. This is the new shave that's cut down the time and trouble of shaving to a level never before believed possible! This is the shave you should try at once!

COLGATE'S Brushless SHAVE CREAM

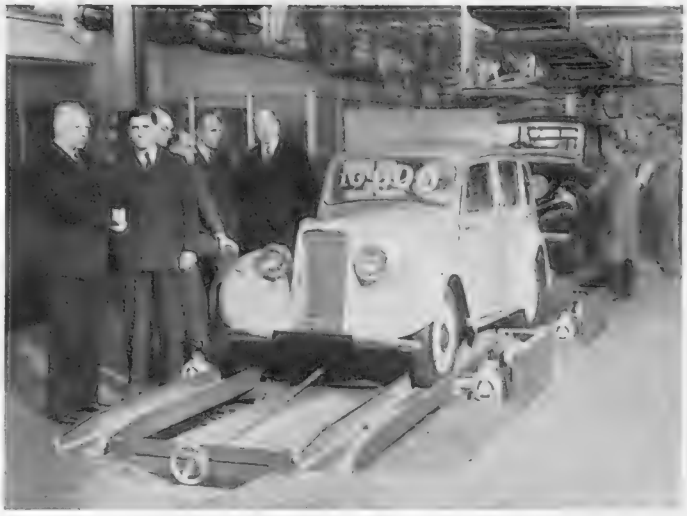
Three Speeds versus Four

Useful and Useless Cogs

By The Earl of Cardigan

Left: the latest Ford "V-8" streamlined saloon makes a contrast with this old Devonshire church—Oare Church, where Jan Ridd married Lorna Doone

Below: at the end of last August the Hillman Motor Company announced the appearance of their new "Minx Magnificent." Since then, ten thousand models have been produced, and the chairman, Colonel J. A. Cole, congratulates the factory chiefs



I SUPPOSE that the discussion as to how many speeds, or gear-ratios, a motor-car should have must be almost as old as the motor industry itself. It is the more surprising that there is not, and never has been, any general measure of agreement.

When I first became interested in the subject some ten years ago, it was the practice to provide big cars with four speeds, but to give three speeds only to the light cars. This may have represented a temporary agreement as to what was needed; but the arrangement was too obviously stupid and irrational to have any hope of permanence.

More recently, there was a tendency to provide all cars with four-speed gear-boxes. This had the appearance of a fair and reasonable solution; but just of late another view of the matter has come into prominence. A certain very famous firm has decided to build all its cars, large and small, with three gear-ratios only.

(To complicate the question one degree further: foreign influence—in so far as it affects British design at all—is almost evenly divided. Most American cars adhere to three speeds, while most Continental cars have four.)

All this was recently brought to my mind by a friend who has just bought a car of the three-speed type. This man is, I imagine, a very typical motorist, who does a lot of driving in a more or less steady-going style.

I happened to ask him: "How do you get on with the three-speed gear-box? Do you find it at all irksome, after being accustomed to a four-speed car?" His reply seemed to me to be decidedly illuminating.

He said, in effect: "It doesn't worry me at all. You see, in my previous car I never used bottom gear. Now, in practice, I have just the same number of *useful* gear-ratios as I ever had before."

THIS is, perhaps, the hub of the whole matter. There is no denying that many four-speed gear-boxes are, for practical purposes, no more than three-speed boxes, with an "emergency" ultra-low ratio added. It must be admitted also that the hypothetical "emergency," which might prove too much for the lowest ratio of a mere three-speed gear-box, is one that never arises—and need never be expected to arise.

The queer thing is that, when a manufacturer turns out a gear-box of this sort, he positively boasts about it. He tells us proudly: "You will never need to use first gear!" He never seems to envisage the possible reply: "Then why do we have to carry about with us an unnecessary and useless set of cog-wheels?"

While this sort of gear-box exists, there is, indeed, quite a strong argument for saving weight, and, incidentally, saving money, by fitting a simpler unit giving three speeds only. It may well be that a return to three speeds will be the next general tendency to reveal itself.

MY own preference, I will freely admit, inclines more to the old-fashioned type of four-speed gear-box, in which each ratio had its purpose and its usefulness. Cars, of course, have greatly altered, and there is no longer the same need for a variety of low ratios to enable hills to be climbed effectively. The need now, as I see it, is rather for a variety of high ratios, suitable for differing conditions of traffic.

THUS, I would like to have a rather high top gear for use on the open road, with a high third gear which could be continuously employed within the 30-m.p.h. limits. Ratios of 4 to 1 and 6 to 1 respectively would be attractive. Second gear would be such as to tackle any average hill, while first gear would come into play on the really stiff gradients.

Such a gear-box as I have suggested would, of course have been a mere idle dream a few years ago, since it would have involved too much changing from top to third at a time when gear-changing was a difficult and trying business. To-day, when it is all made so easy for us by synchro-mesh, free-wheeling, or the epicyclic principle, I see no serious objection. Shall we, perhaps, one day, see the four-speed gear-box reintroduced in this new form?

To see the eventual and final solution, no doubt, we must look ahead very much further than this. My proposed four-speed box might be with us next year, if the manufacturers happened to favour the notion. Ten years hence, I foresee something of a very different sort.

A gear-box purely automatic, having infinitely variable ratios—this is my long-distance prediction. The ordinary driver will know nothing of its workings. It will seem as remote to him as the differential must seem to the average motorist of to-day. Give it oil, and leave it alone—such will be the correct method of dealing with it. I do not usually make specific prophecies; but here, for once, I feel on firm ground.

A notice by Lord Cardigan of the Fougasse-McCullough book, "You Have Been Warned" appears on page vi under "Editor's Box."

The elegant 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce stands in a suitable setting at Water End, near Berkhampsted. The body is built by Barker's

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Keep fit and strong by the regular use of Oxo, which invigorates and fortifies against fatigue and strain.

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When You SKI You Need

S-P-A-C-E

If you've skied you know that trackless snow is much more fun than ski-ing on slopes that have been polished to a ball-room floor finish by a hundred skiers before you. But trackless snow implies square miles of space —such as you'll find in the Bernese Oberland: at MÜRREN, GRINDELWALD, WENGEN, SCHEIDEGG . . . the sunniest ski-ing places in Switzerland. Only 20 hours from London, and you'll find comfortable hotels at all four resorts. For information: all good Tourist Agencies.

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SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend

Prices from 4 Guineas.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

What's On

(Continued from page D)

CONCERTS (*Continued*)

Orchestral

B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Adrian Boult conducts them in Beethoven's Fifth and in Schönberg's "Pelleas and Melisande": Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.30.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Hans Weisbach, in response to the annual request, conducts the L.S.O. in Bach's "Kunst der Fuge": Queen's Hall, Mon., 8.15.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Borrah Minevitch and his mouth-organ boys depart on Saturday, and then Lita Grey Chaplin comes back; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Midnight Follies of 1936 are here—Hollywood Starlets, Florine McKinney, a dancer and a funny turn; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new show is *New York*, 1936—a girls, music, and star-turn entertainment; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The cabaret changes fortnightly, and the turns take turns with dancing; Harry Roy's band plays: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish-foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, and the wine list is also excellent; no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There's no cabaret, but two excellent bands—Len Hay's and the Florida Night-Owls till 11, and then the Crackajax, with Judy Shirley; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

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EDINBURGH, PAISLEY, AYR

Modern Aids to Beauty

The Care of the Skin in Bad Weather

THERE is nothing so bad for the complexion as constant exposure to cold winds, rain and fog, particularly the latter, which seems to penetrate deep into the pores, choking them with dirt. At this time of year, therefore, the majority of skins require strenuous treatment if their natural smoothness and clarity is to be preserved. The best way is to carry out regular home treatment combined with a weekly visit to a beauty salon. Yardley's, whose excellent skin preparations made their debut some months ago, have recently opened some new salons at 33, Old Bond Street, where treatments are given by a staff of experienced and talented operators. The charges are moderate, and it is extraordinarily soothing to be able to relax in a comfortable chair while deft fingers smooth away the ravages of time.

Dover Street Studios

Every woman should make a point of visiting Yardley's new beauty salons at 33, Old Bond Street. The ordinary treatment, which includes face, neck, and shoulder massage, only costs 10s. 6d., and is wonderfully stimulating; while there is also a quick "facial" for 5s. 6d., which is warmly to be recommended before lunching or dining out

The Three Essentials

IN every treatment there are three essentials — namely, cleansing, toning, and nourishing the skin. With the aid of Yardley's Liquefying Cleansing Cream, every trace of dirt is removed, as it soaks right into the skin and draws out all those impurities which accumulate daily. Then, before massaging, a pad of cotton-wool soaked in Toning Lotion is applied with a brisk patting movement to stimulate the blood-stream, contract relaxed pores, and remove any surplus cream. This is followed by gentle but firm massage with Yardley's skin food, which is thick and creamy. As it soaks through the pores, so it helps to replenish the natural oils and strengthen the muscles. Needless to say, it should be used regularly every night, as it promotes to the complexion a clear, transparent bloom.

A Tonic for Dry Skins

FINALLY, there is the Herbal Pack, which works wonders on a tired face. It is included in Yardley's Bond Street Special Treatment, which costs 15s. 6d., and has a definitely rejuvenating effect on the tissues. It is painted on and then left to dry for about a quarter of an hour, during which time it replenishes the natural oils in the same way as Skin Food does, only to a greater extent, and draws out all impurities and waste acids, which are so frequently the cause of small blemishes. For the naturally dry skin it is invaluable, while another great point in its favour is that it banishes that grey look caused by over-fatigue. It is removed with warm water and soap, after which a little Skin Lotion or Foundation Cream is applied before powdering and making up.

The Editor's Box

All Over the Place

From the Headland Hotel in Newquay, where the Cornwall County Ball was held recently, to the Airedale Beagles Ball, in Yorkshire, is nothing to bands like those of Philip Brown. The Rosemullion Hotel, Budleigh Salterton; the Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon; the Ocean Hotel, Sandown, and the Runnacleave Hotel, Ilfracombe, are some of the other holiday spots covered by this enterprising Birmingham firm. Philip Brown, Ltd., of 6, Livery Street, run the "Dominoes," the "Grosvenor," and the "Revellers" bands, which not only give music wherever they go, but wherever they don't go, for their gramophone records are always obtainable. Regimental, hospital, and hunt balls are all grist to their mill, and they will send a band anywhere you like at short notice.

A Royal Appointment

Seventy-three years ago (that is, in 1863), William Sanderson, now Messrs. Sanderson and Son, entered on the business of distilling and distributing Scotch whisky. These seven well-spent decades have now been crowned by their appointment as purveyors to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Better known as "Vat 69," which is one of their distillations, Sanderson's Scotch is not one of your fire-water drinks, but a liqueur whisky of considerable fineness. For those who have known this a long or short time, the decision of the Prince and his Buttery will come as a justification and a confirmation.

Between Nice and Monte

Cap d'Ail is one of the most favoured spots on the French Riviera. First, it has the advantage of being situated between Nice and Monte Carlo, and is within easy reach of both; second, that particular stretch of coast is incomparably beautiful, with cliffs and flowers and pine-trees combining to make a picture the vividness of which must be seen to be believed; and third, it possesses, in the Eden Hotel, the perfect stopping-place for a sunny winter holiday. Cap d'Ail is likely to be very much in vogue during the coming months.

Philip Brown

Philip Brown is the director, financial and musical, of Philip Brown, Ltd., the Birmingham firm that sends dance bands all over the country

We Have Been Warned!

It is not every book which, at this season of quarterly bills and licence renewals has the power to make one laugh out loud, heartily and often. *You Have Been Warned*, by Messrs. Fougasse and McCullough, is decidedly one of the exceptions. It is published at 5s. by Messrs. Methuen and Co. "... that driving by the people through the people and over the people may shortly perish from the earth." Such is the quotation from "'Straight-Eight,' Lincoln," with which the volume commences. Mr. McCullough is consistently amusing, while Fougasse, in the drawings which appear on every page, seems to have touched a new high level of wit and ingenuity. To any Fougasse fan there is no need to say more.

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All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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JANUARY

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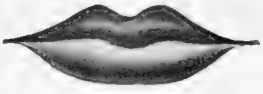

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GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Nancy Violet Holme

Is the only daughter of the late A.T. Holme, I.C.S., and Mrs. Birt, of Beasdene, Camberley, Surrey; her engagement is announced to John Basley Hope Kealy, eldest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel P. H. Kealy, and Mrs. Kealy, of the Old Vicarage, Rochester

Kay Vaughan

Patricia Acton-Bond

Is engaged to Charles Henry Higgins, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Higgins, of Moss Hill, Ascot; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Acton-Bond, of Avon House, King Henry's Road, Hampstead

Kay Vaughan

Irma Pakenham Angelo

Is engaged to Wing-Cmdr. Evelyn Hayley Sparling, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. A. S. Sparling, of Ceylon; she is the only daughter of the late Major-Gen. F. W. Pakenham Angelo, 9th Bengal Lancers, and Mrs. Angelo, of 44, Lexham Gardens, W.8

Bassano

Faith Hambro

Is the younger daughter of the late Bertram Hambro, and Mrs. Charles Boyle, of Cleves, Kemsing, Kent; she is engaged to Nicholas Norman-Butler, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Norman-Butler, of Chelsfield House, Chelsfield, Kent

Bassano

Anne-Marie Slatin

Is the daughter of the late Baron Sir Rudolf Slatin Pasha, K.C.M.G., and Lady Slatin; her engagement is announced to Dr. Winterstein Gillespie, son of Professor Hans Winterstein

Stuart Hamilton

Suzanne Slocock

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Slocock, of Courtfield, Maidenhead, and is a great niece of Lord Parmoor. She is engaged to John Charles Wade, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wade, of Honiley Hall, Warwick

Pearl Freeman

Ruth Southcote Aston

Is engaged to Frank Day, only son of Major and Mrs. E. C. Day, of Merrington Place, Rolvenden, Kent; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Southcote Aston, of Coytbury, Winchester

Douglas

Jean Francis

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Douglas Francis, of Ark Royal, Buckhurst Hill, Essex; she has become engaged to James Greville Lusty, eldest son of Mr. J. F. Lusty, of Upwey, Woodford Green

Nash—O'Conor

Ft.-Lt. Richard Rupert Nash, son of Sir Vincent and Lady Nash, of Shannon View, Co. Limerick, and Gertrude Mary O'Conor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles O'Conor, of Lucan House, Lucan, Co. Dublin, were married at Lucan Church

Bolton—Tuck

Joan Tuck, daughter of Major Sir Reginald and Lady Tuck, of Freechase, Warningfield, Sussex, married Alwyn Eric Bolton, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Bolton, at the Central Synagogue

Collingwood—Ryder

Ft.-Lt. C. J. Collingwood, second son of the late Col. C. G. Collingwood, and Mrs. Collingwood, of Lilburn Tower, Northumberland, and Sarah Ryder, younger daughter of the Hon. A. D. and Mrs. Ryder, of Durns, Beaulieu, Hants, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Johnston — Adair

George Stanley Kirkpatrick Johnston, elder son of the late Stanley Johnston, and Mrs. Johnston, of Hazelbank, Craigs, Co. Antrim, and Joan Stavert Adair, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Adair, of Glenavon, Cookstown, were married at Derryloran, Northern Ireland

Fayer of Vienna

Cottrell-Dormer — Malcolm

Gray — Malcolm

Elspeth Mary Isabel Malcolm and Griselda Helen Adeline Malcolm, daughters of the late Sir James Malcolm, and Lady Malcolm, had a double wedding at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street. Elspeth Malcolm was married to Thomas Cottrell-Dormer, youngest son of Captain C. W. Cottrell-Dormer, of Rousham Park, Oxon, and of Mrs. Cottrell-Dormer, of Coombe, Oxon. Griselda Malcolm was married to Captain Frederick William Gray, son of the late Charles Gray, and Mrs. Gray

Digby — Kingstone

Simon Wingfield Digby, eldest son of Colonel Wingfield Digby, of Sherborne Castle, Dorset, and of Coleshill House, Warwick, married Kathleen Elizabeth Kingstone, only daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Kingstone and Mrs. Courtney Kingstone, of Toronto, Canada

Williamson — Gibson

At the Savoy Chapel, Strand, Margaret Stewart Gibson, daughter of the late William Gibson, of Linfield, Broughty Ferry, Dundee, was married to Dr. Bruce Williamson, of 137, Harley Street, W. The bride was given away by her uncle, Dr. Guthrie, the East London Coroner

Oury — Vincent

Vivian Libert Oury, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Libert Oury, of Norfolk House, Putney Hill, and Mary Cecilia Vincent, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Clarke Vincent, of St. George's Hill, Weybridge, were married at St. James's Church, Spanish Place

Dangerfield — Edmonds

Barbara Mary Edmonds, younger daughter of Mr. Arthur Edmonds, of Natal, and of Mrs. Edmonds, of Tudor Court Hotel, London, was married to Anthony Hunter Dangerfield, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dangerfield, of Sandbanks, Dorset

Terry — Sandeman

At Holy Trinity, Brompton, George Cedric Terry, younger son of the late Canon G. F. Terry, of Edinburgh, and Mrs. Terry, of 11, Egerton Gardens, S.W., married Muriel Vera Sandeman, youngest daughter of the late Alastair Sandeman, and Mrs. Sandeman, of 33, Victoria Road, W.8

Holmden — Runciman

George Alexander Holmden, only son of Sir Osbourn and Lady Holmden, of 17, Prince's Gardens, S.W.7, and Ruth Runciman, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Runciman, of Doxford, Chathill, Northumberland, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Embleton

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

January 22—January 28

THE THEATRE

Plays

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—This is a nice entertaining comedy, well acted; Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy are hero and heroine; Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake contribute amusingly: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—A play from the Embassy, with Frank Vosper and Barbara Couper heading a suitably distinguished cast: Cambridge, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Thea Holme is now Precious Stream; the play is a charmer, and deserves to be seen more than once: Little, 8.15.

MARY TUDOR.—Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight in T. S. Eliot's play about Thomas à Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Mon. or Thurs.). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

PAGE FROM A DIARY.—Ernst Deutsch, Greer Garson, and Nicholas Hannen take us from Monte Carlo to the North-West Frontier and back again: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD III.—Lilian Bayliss presents William Devlin as Richard, Ion Swinley as Edward IV., Helen Haye as Margaret, and Esmé Beringer as the Duchess of York: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—John Gielgud's production and his Romeo, Peggy Ashcroft's Juliet, Laurence Olivier's Mercutio, Edith Evans's Nurse are all unforgettable; perfect Shakespeare: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.15.

SHORT STORY.—Marie Tempest returns to health and her play on Thursday; Sybil Thorndike, A. E. Matthews, Ursula Jeans, and Graham Browne rejoin her in supporting this mildly improbable story: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Comprehensive title for an evening of Coward plays; the author and Gertrude Lawrence take part in all of them: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITE CARGO.—Revival of the ever-popular play of white men, brown women, and black hate, with Olga Lindo, Franklin Dyall, and Horace Hodges: Piccadilly, 6.30 and 9.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Antoinette Cellier, and Mackenzie Ward play lead in this unendingly popular play: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—Diana Ward makes an appealing heroine, Sydney Howard is incomparably funny as the villain of this excellently (Cole Porter) musical comedy: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRITZI.—A gay and tuneful musical comedy, with Rosalinde Fuller as the gamine heroine, Leslie French as hero: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 71.—Another character-sketch by Joan Miller; Meggie Eaton, Edna Thompson, Olive del Mar, and Eddie Kelland again; a Harlequinade and Roy Fenton's Animal Noises; and, of course, Revudebelles: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—Leslie Henson is the star, Florence Desmond and Louise Browne also twinkle; the show is gay, the story non-existent: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; Naunton Wayne and Hugh E. Wright are compère and the Common Man: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Greta Fayne, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane as the best bet: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—Spy-thrills on the Orient Express; Frank Cellier and J. H. Roberts add their quota to the fun; Marion Lorne makes twittering comedy: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams's acting as the young murderer in his own intelligent thriller is excellent; so is the play's humour; it must be seen: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OUR OWN LIVES.—Irene Vanbrugh queens a mild comedy of no one doing what they want; Lady Tree and Laura Cowie are fun: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a low-brow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neill are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TREAD SOFTLY.—If it wasn't for Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire, one wouldn't be interested: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Holiday Fare

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.—Ursula Hanray as Alice: Little, 2.30.

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS.—Bigger and better than ever—it always is. Last three days: Olympia, 2.30, 7.30.

FORTY THIEVES.—George Jackley, Naughton and Gold, Kitty Reidy, Polly Ward: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.—Binnie Hale is principal boy, Marjorie Browne, Charles Heslop, Shaun Glenville: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY; OR, WHAT A WITCH! is the Charlot pantomime with Nancy Burne as the Princess, Patrick Waddington as the Prince, Nellie Wallace and Bert Coote: Vaudeville, 2.30 and 8.30.

First Night

FOLLOW THE SUN.—From Manchester comes Charles Cochran's 1936 Revue, complete with Young Ladies and the usual good things: Adelphi. Friday.

CINEMAS

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN.—Film version of Jeffery Farnol's Regency prize-fighting novel, adapted by Clemence Dane; Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, and Elissa Landi are the stars: London Pavilion.

THE FACE OF BRITAIN.—And other non-fiction films of scenery or travel. Also a Disney symphony and news: Tatler.

FOREIGN AFFAIRES.—Another Walls-Lynn-Hare team-up in a new farce by Ben Travers: Marble Arch.

THE GHOST GOES WEST.—See this: Clair has made an extra entertaining film of it; Robert Donat is the Scottish hero: Leicester Square.

THE GUV'NOR.—George Arliss as one of life's failures who foils a gang of financial sharks. Last day: New Gallery.

I GIVE MY HEART.—Is the screen version of *The Dubarry*; Hungarian Gitta Alpar and Owen Nares are in it: Regal.

KOENIGSMARK.—Elissa Landi and Pierre Fresnay in the film of Pierre Benoit's novel; Grand Dukes murdering each other in unholy Roman castles: Tivoli.

THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.—Ronald Colman is the star of this sophisticated piece of work; (commences to-morrow): New Gallery.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.—Charles Laughton and Clark Gable are in this brilliant cruel sea film of Captain Bligh and his mutineers: Empire.

PETER IBBETSON.—George du Maurier's story becomes a film, with Gary Cooper and Ann Harding as hero and heroine; also Ida Lupino: Carlton.

SANS FAMILLE.—Robert (*Poil de Carotte*) Lynen is the young adventurer of this attractive film: Academy.

SECOND BUREAU.—A French spy-film, with Vera Korene and Jean Murat as stars: Curzon.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS.—Dumas' novel makes a big film with Walter Abel, Heather Angel, and Margot Grahame; also CORONADO: Plaza.

TOP HAT.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers continue to dance and sing, supported by Edward Everett Horton, and Helen Broderick: Dominion and New Victoria.

WOMAN TAMER.—Joan Bennett and George Raft in a kidnapping pot-boiler: Astoria.

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BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

CASSE-NOISETTE, DOUANES: Fri., 8.30.

THE HAUNTED BALLROOM, LES SYLPHIDES, THE BLUEBIRD, THE GODS GO A-BEGGING: Tues., 8.30.

MARKOVA-DOLIN BALLET.—The répertoire includes DAVID, LES SYLPHIDES, AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE, SHOW FOLK: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

EXHIBITION

CHINESE ART EXHIBITION: Royal Academy, Burlington House; week-days, 9.30—7 (Thurs. till 10).

CONCERTS

Recitals

SYLVIA YORKE BOWEN.—Songs, with Gerald Moore at the piano, including Bach, Schubert, Strauss, and a group of English songs: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.30.

KATHLEEN COOPER.—Pianoforte pieces, including some by Arne, Handel, Scriabin, Debussy, and Rachmaninov: Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 8.30.

CHAMBER MUSIC.—Katharine Goodson, Isolde Menges, John Yewe Dyer, and Lauri Kennedy make the quartet: Grotrian Hall, Thurs., 8.30.

JOYCE GRAY and ISOBEL LESLIE.—Songs, with Harold Craxton at the piano: Aeolian Hall, Thurs., 8.15.

MAURICE EISENBERG.—Violoncello recital with George Reeves at the piano: Wigmore Hall, Fri., 8.30.

ALFRED HOEHN.—Van Wyck presents the pianist in works by Schumann, Brahms, Chopin, and Debussy: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 3.15.

KREISLER.—The great violinist's only recital this season, with Charlton Keith at the piano: Albert Hall, Sun., 3.

BACKHAUS.—Piano works by Chopin, Schumann, and Brahms: Queen's Hall, Tues., 8.15.

CHAMBER MUSIC.—The Kutcher Quartet and Frederick Thurston (clarinet) in the R. C. M. Patrons' Fund Concert: Wigmore Hall, Tues., 5.30.

(*Continued on page* v)

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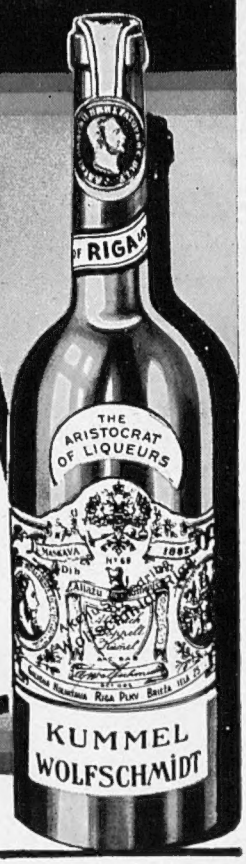

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